

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

INFANT ELECTORATES

ELECTIONS are due this autumn in Egypt and in India. Those in the former country will be the first under the new Constitution. Voters of both nations are likely to be grouped under the banners of movements and leaders rather than of parties. But leaders who stand, after a fashion, for pretty definite platforms, do exist; and in India political opinion has crystallized into something resembling party platforms.

The path of representative government in both countries is beset by difficulties unknown even in our imperfect democracies. In Egypt only one per cent of the people can read and write. The masses have little initiative, and no experience with a parliamentary system. As a cynical *Morning Post* correspondent writes, —

In this country it is useless for the candidate to tour the district admiring the electors' babies. His opponent would only have to say that the first candidate was seeking to put the evil eye on the youngsters and the candidate would be driven from the place by an infuriated mob. Nor is it any use attempting to gain the sympathies of the ladies of the district. Such a course would be fatal. Moslem women are not yet at that stage where they may be approached by parliamentary candi-

dates. We must return to the voter himself.

But the voter is not to be convinced absolutely by mere words. Bargaining is an inherent trait of the Egyptian character. It is a custom of the country, and it is not likely to be eradicated for a very long time to come. The Egyptian voter sees no reason why he should give something for nothing. And he will not give it for nothing while there is the slightest chance of getting something for it.

Yet the future free citizen of the former Empire of Tut-ankh-amen presumably has a general idea of what he wants beyond pecuniary compensation for his vote. The followers of Said Pasha Zaghlul, who demands complete independence, are numerous. Another group supporting Adly Pasha, who stands closer to the Royal Court and the British, is expected to sway many votes by dint of official influence. The Adly viewpoint is that Egypt, to obtain her place as an independent sovereign State, should make concessions to Great Britain — with regard to the Suez Canal, the Sudan, and other open questions, while Zaghlul is as uncompromising as De Valera toward the British.

Achille Sekaly says, in *La Revue de Genève*, that a great majority of the people are loyal to Zaghlul. They want a constitution drafted by their

own representatives, a treaty with Great Britain negotiated without duress, and control of the Sudan.

On the other hand, 'an Egyptian Patriot' asserts in the *Tory Morning Post* that the political movement in Egypt during the last four years 'is based on anything but patriotic motives,' and adds, 'As an Egyptian I have never felt that my country is not independent.' Egypt has been governed by strangers for five thousand years.

I rather believe that during the British régime the independence of Egypt has become more real than ever before. Our army, flag, coinage, and the government in general are entirely independent of every foreign interference. It is a gross mistake to believe that the handful of British officials in the Egyptian Government are the rulers of Egypt. They are simply paid instructors and advisers, with sufficient authority for carrying out the proposals and schemes they have laid down, from time to time, for the development and progress of the country.

This writer ascribes the opposition to English supervision to three things: hatred of the Christians, who number only two millions out of the fourteen million people, but own about fifty per cent of the national wealth; fanaticism inspired by Egypt's ambition to succeed Turkey as the seat of the Caliphate; and the resentment of native officials at England's efforts to stop 'favoritism, corruption, partiality, and other Oriental abuses.'

In India, whose last Legislative Assembly concluded its labors under stormy auspices, factional and religious strife are dividing the people. The Assembly was exasperated by the Kenya decision, the refusal of the British authorities to abolish the salt tax, which rests heaviest upon those least able to pay it, and British insistence upon determining and con-

trolling certain expenditures, such as those for the army. The Kenya decision brought to the fore the ultimate issue, whether the white race is to retain unquestioned supremacy in the British Empire, or Asiatics are to enjoy equality of status. A glimpse at Indian sentiment upon this subject is afforded by the introduction to an appeal published in *Young India*, Gandhi's organ, calling for a suspension of business upon August 27 as a nonparty demonstration. It is addressed, not only to natives, but also 'to every Englishman who is on the side of India in her struggle.'

The status decreed for India in the British Empire is one which it is impossible for her to accept. India would rather be segregated as a whole from the Great Empire than allow her children to be untouchables and helots in it. The Imperial policy has been made clear with brutal frankness by the South African Prime Minister. He has laid down a programme not only for preventing future Indian immigration but for mercilessly wiping out the existing Indian population by depriving it of political and municipal liberties, trade and property rights, and by locating it outside the towns. This programme, there is no doubt, will be carried out without serious objection on the part of the British Government and soon become the general policy of all the British Dominions.

The Kenya decision is the symptom of a great Imperial conspiracy for racial domination. It is a chastisement and a warning from God for our faltering steps.

The modest concessions to the principle of local self-government already made have not promoted tranquillity. Intercommunal jealousies and religious strife have flamed up in the new municipal committees; fighting between the Hindus and the Mohammedans is reported at several places. Indian dispatches in the British press, and the solicitous appeals for harmony

in the Indian Nationalist press, presage stormy waters ahead.

LABOR RULE IN QUEENSLAND

GREAT BRITAIN rejoices in two Labor monthlies and two Tory monthlies that naturally regard the world from opposite poles. The *Labour Magazine* is the official journal of the Trades-Union Congress and the Labor Party. Its colleague, the *Labour Monthly*, is a cleverly edited review of somewhat more expensive make-up, which champions the cause of the Communists. The *National Review* and the *English Review*, which has just passed from the camp of Liberalism to that of Chauvinist Conservatism, look upon internationalism as anathema; and pacificism, the League, 'blood is thicker than water,' and progressive politics are their pet antipathies.

The September issues of the *National Review* and the *Labour Magazine* contain articles on Labor rule in Queensland that well illustrate the irreconcilability of human testimony. Under the title, 'A Bolshevik Corner of the British Empire,' James Edmond, former editor of the *Sydney Bulletin*, indicts the Labor Government that has been in control of Queensland for the past nine years and received an extended lease of power by a sweeping victory at the last general election. He begins by explaining that 'for some reason difficult to define Queensland, in earlier days, attracted a remarkable number of German, Russian, Polish, and other aliens, also Irish.' Though the original settlers have been gathered to their fathers, 'the children of these outlanders have multiplied exceedingly.' The result was that the State election of 1915, 'when good men had gone to the war, and bad or middling men had stayed behind,' swept Labor into power.

The first Labor premier was named Ryan, and the second, Theodore, 'son of one Basil Theodore, who is understood to have been of Balkan origin.' Later majorities for Labor are attributed to gerrymandering, jobs for voters in unprofitable State industries, — for instance, mining copper at £90 a ton, and selling it at £60, — and the postal vote. 'A mysterious and brooding discrepancy has hung for some years over the Queensland electoral lists.' During the first three years Labor was in power, '89,221 new names appeared on the State roll. This was handsome considering that the official estimate of the increase of population inside the same three years was only 15,765, and the entire population was under 700,000. . . . There was once a legend concerning a boarding-house at Townsville with six bedrooms, which was the registered address of sixty voters, who slept ten in a bed.'

Mr. Edmond compares the statistics of the six States of the Commonwealth, to illustrate the economic effects of Labor government. We must remember that though the Commonwealth is 'Labor,' the older States still have Conservative or semi-Labor Cabinets. Such statistical comparisons, however, are subject to much qualification; for climate, soil, and historical backgrounds — especially early settlement conditions — make them misleading. However, the figures show that Queensland, though it is blessed with fertile soil and more rainfall than any other State, has the least land under cultivation, per thousand inhabitants, the slowest growth in numbers of factories and factory employees, the minimum surplus railway-revenue over working expenses, the highest per capita debt except that of West Australia, and the highest per capita taxation, although Queensland contributes less to the Federal revenues from such taxation

than any other State except Tasmania. On the other hand, the average wages of factory hands, and the factory worker's share of the value added by labor to factory products, are lower in Queensland than elsewhere. Queensland ranks fourth among the States in per capita savings-bank deposits, and has relatively more unemployed than any of its neighbors.

Premier Theodore, writing in the *Labour Magazine* upon 'How Labor Rules in Queensland,' is careful to draw a distinction between Australian Labor policies and Communism.

The Communists would overturn the existing order by the use of violence or by any other medium; and they would dispense with the mandate of the people if they could establish their authority without it. Labor in Queensland is convinced that such methods cannot succeed. If reconstruction is to be permanent and stable it must be based on the people's will; the community at large cannot accommodate itself to violent change. A Government cannot in a week or in a day transform the existing economic structure to a socialized organism.

Labor's ultimate policy is the replacement of the capitalist institutions which are used for exploitation of human labor by co-operative or socialized organizations. This can be accomplished by an extension of the economic functions of the State and municipality, and by the creation of semi-governmental co-operative bodies. The celerity with which this objective will be attained depends not so much on the boldness of the legislative programme of the parliamentarians as on the mental attitude and political progress of the people.

He lists among Labor's achievements:—

Industrial arbitration; unemployed workers' insurance; workers' accident insurance and compensation; State insurance, covering all classes of risk and embodying a monopoly of workers' accident insurance; State enterprises, including cattle-stations, meat-shops, sawmills, fish-markets, farm-

produce agency, and the like; profiteering prevention; taxation of land values; fair-rents courts; agricultural secondary education; workers' homes; co-operative pooling of primary products; stoppage of the sale of Crown lands; perpetual lease tenure in land settlement; organization of farmers; establishment of maternity hospitals; infant welfare and baby clinics; dental, medical, and ophthalmic attention for school children; abolition of capital punishment; legal reform and appointment of public curator.

State cattle-stations, meat-shops, sawmills, and the like, were not inaugurated as a start toward nationalizing industry.

The Labor Party's hope of industrial and economic salvation depends upon a gradual extension of co-operative activity supported by Governmental authority and finance. The State enterprises were intended as a check on profiteering and a regulation of commodity prices; and although the enterprises have not in all cases shown a credit balance on their profit and loss statements, the influence of each in keeping down the price levels of the commodities they trade in has undoubtedly justified their existence.

In other words, the programme in Queensland apparently runs parallel with the ill-fated programme of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota. Great encouragement has been given to co-operative effort among primary producers.

Already, as a result of Labor's policy, sugar-cane growers, wheat growers, diarmen, cheese producers, and several other sections of agriculturists, control and manage the marketing and distribution of the products of their respective industries.

Mr. Theodore's unemployment statistics do not accord with those given by Mr. Edmond. He states that the total number of workers registered at the State Labor Bureaus as seeking employment was at last reports only 1500.

FRIENDLY WORDS FROM LATIN AMERICA

WRITERS, public men, economists, merchants, bankers, and manufacturers in South America are preoccupied to a greater extent than ever with their relations with the United States. Above all, the intellectuals are busying themselves with this question. We can hardly open a serious publication from that part of the world — or for that matter from Spain — without finding an article or articles discussing this theme. These are not invariably critical or hostile, but they are seldom cordial. One writer compares the Monroe Doctrine to a Damocles sword suspended over Spanish America, 'as the testament of Peter the Great was suspended over Western Europe.' Another says: 'The Monroe Doctrine defends us from foreign invasion . . . but who will defend us from the Monroe Doctrine?'

However, a friendlier writer, Remigio Crespo Toral, in an article upon Pan-Americanism in *América Latina*, refuses to be intimidated by the bogey of Anglo-Saxon Imperialism. He says that the United States owes its prestige among nations to the evolution and extension of republican institutions, and that these have spread from our shores to South America, China, and the impregnable fastnesses of monarchy in Central Europe.

Among the causes explaining America's preponderance at the present time is the patriarchy of political liberty thus established on our side of the Atlantic. The seat of the patriarch is Washington, near the tomb of the modest general and leader who emancipated his country and laid down the premises of independence, and of liberty and democracy, for all America.

Possibly this sway may lack the brilliance and the majesty of Rome's, and the enchantment — lent by distance — of the Greece that we adore; but no one can contest the invincible and unquestionable

influence that America holds over human destiny, as a power for freedom with peace, for wealth with justice, and for force with law — ideals that Greece and Rome never attained.



BRITISH LABOR

THE September session of the British Trades-Union Congress was held in an atmosphere of depression and mutual recrimination. Since 1920 a fall of over two millions in membership has been registered, and it is by no means certain that the bottom has yet been touched. With declining membership and industrial depression, revenues are drying up. The great reserves accumulated in the past have practically vanished. Explanations for the fact that workers are deserting the Unions vary. *The Nation and the Athenaeum*, which takes a sympathetic, Liberal attitude toward the Trades-Union movement, says the men are not leaving because they have lost faith in their organizations, but because they are forced to do so by 'the hard necessities of life.' A contributor mentions, from personal knowledge, fifty men in different trades employed on a single job, all of whom were Union members until recently, and none of whom is a member to-day. 'In most cases the explanation they give is that it pays them better to belong to societies which give "benefits," but in some cases, notably that of the bricklayers, it was that the restrictions of the Union prevented them from making up time lost through bad weather by working longer hours on other days.'

The depletion of Union funds is due in no small part to ill-advised strikes in the face of widespread industrial depression; and the disaster is none the less because many of these conflicts were 'runaway strikes' not authorized by — and indeed, undertaken against

the urgent advice of — the responsible executives.

The Congress was marked — as such meetings are likely to be in times of stress — by irritating controversies, especially jurisdictional disputes between different Unions. The question of supporting the London Liberal newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, was debated at length, and an emergency appropriation was made to tide it over its present crisis. These embarrassments excite malicious joy among extremists in both wings of British opinion. The Tories infer that the present decline of Trades-Unionism presages a corresponding weakening in the Labor Party — something that by no means follows. The Communists hail statistics of waning membership as proof that the rank and file are drifting away from their conservative leaders, and are harboring radical ideals and aspirations that will ultimately land them in the Bolshevik camp.



GERMAN EMERGENCY MONEY

WHEN the mark had become practically worthless, private firms and local authorities in Germany began to issue *Notgeld*, guaranteed only by their private credit and not by the Imperial Bank. Earlier issues had been authorized and endorsed by the Bank. The unauthorized issues, which now amount to several billion marks, and accentuate the inflation crisis, are not legal tender. They are cited by Dr. Hilferding, the Minister of Finance, as an illustration of the business anarchy that prevails in Germany.

Le Matin publishes a facsimile of a German note for two million marks, issued by the Hugo Stinnes Steamship Lines. Its serial number is 021082, and it reads: 'Two million marks. After September 15, 1923, this emergency bill may be called in and exchanged for

other legal tender. Berlin, August 10, 1923.'

The use of these private bills has been forced upon large firms since the headlong depreciation of government currency, by the impossibility of securing enough of the latter to carry on business.



MINOR NOTES

A CONTRIBUTOR to *El Sol* wonders what the effect of a settlement between the United States and Mexico will be upon the policies and programmes of the weaker Spanish-American Governments. Mexico, possessing 'ardent patriotism, a primitive native population, and a vast and thinly settled territory containing great natural wealth,' was 'confronted with a powerful, prosperous, covetous nation having a spontaneous impulse to want expansion, and too intimidating to be challenged by any other Power.' Mexico's only weapon was Socialism, to which she resorted as a refuge from economic absorption. 'How can the capitalist Government of the United States and the Socialist Republic of Mexico get along harmoniously with each other and collaborate in economic matters?' If Mexico succeeds in preserving her autonomy and her present Socialist constitution 'the hegemony of the United States will receive its death blow, for it is based upon the traditional legal concept of property.'

THE Japanese Government, just before the recent disaster, allotted the equivalent of \$110,000 to the 'Social Affairs Bureau' of its Home Department, to encourage Japanese emigrants to go to Brazil. Over one hundred local intelligence-offices were established in different parts of the Empire to promote this movement.

IN HONOR OF THE CONSTITUTION

BY HEINRICH MANN

[We publish below a practically full report of the address which this great German poet delivered in the Dresden Opera House on August 11, 1923, at the anniversary exercises in honor of the Weimar Constitution. It is significant that Heinrich Mann, Thomas Mann, Gerhart Hauptmann, and indeed every literary man of first rank in Germany, are champions of the Republic.]

From *Prager Tagblatt*, August 18

(GERMAN-LANGUAGE NATIONAL LIBERAL DAILY)

WE have met to celebrate this anniversary in a critical hour. Let us try to conceive, as far as we can on a day like this, what the Constitution ought to be. Ideas and ideals were woven into its texture four years ago. Among these was domestic liberty, which can only mean that the nation shall always be ruled according to the wishes and for the welfare of the majority, and never again for the advantage and privilege of the few. For the welfare of the majority — that means peacefully, without the war spirit. For the welfare of the majority — that means in a spirit of compromise, even toward property. Consistent Socialism was not the driving force at Weimar; it was social idealism. The makers of the Constitution would have no dangerous concentration of capital. That was the spirit which presided over their labors. That is why we celebrate the occasion. They did not toil to erect a plutocracy.

The spirit of the Constitution has since been misconceived and distorted — indeed, almost extinguished. War-mad nationalism is raging again as furiously as ever — is already laying hands upon the seats of the mighty, although the men who sit there spring from the people and are responsible to the people. Capital has never been as all-powerful as to-day; avid for power, it openly aspires to become master of

us all and of the Government itself. But we meet in honor of a Constitution that would countenance none of this, that would emancipate and broaden the liberties of mankind. It has not been able to do so yet, but it may be able to do so in the future.

What justification has reaction? First of all, it seeks to justify itself by the oppression we suffer from our neighbors. If a commonwealth is not free from foreign masters, it cannot be free at home. That is unquestionably true, although behind these superficial facts lie deeper facts. Reaction appeals also to our universal distress. Where will that end? When our children are dying of hunger, our minds are not clear enough to detect and combat political injustice. The great injustice that our children are dying overshadows all minor evils. When no one is sure of the next day, a few men with overgrown wealth and power find it comparatively easy to bend the people to their will. Furthermore, there is a spiritual exhaustion that follows war. We see it everywhere, but it is most conspicuous in the conquered countries. Many a nation says, 'Why should I trouble to save my soul?' when a wealthier nation offers it bread in exchange for freedom. In an industrial nation it is not the political dictator, but the great industrialist, who turns universal exhaustion

to his profit, and quietly takes possession, not only of national wealth, but of the government, and even shapes the mentality of the masses to his purposes.

My friends, this is the most tragic aspect of our experience. Revolts and revolutions may come and go. We die or we are strengthened by them. Time will decide that. But to hang helpless while our life-blood is sucked out of us like an insect caught in a cobweb! That is a fearful fate. A crushed and weakened nation, parting with its scanty life-blood drop by drop to batten a few enterprising individuals, who have seized an opportunity and profit by it without taking thought! Two billion gold marks a year — as much as we have promised to pay England, and cannot pay — are extorted from us by the coal barons of the Ruhr, and yet without coal we can have no business recovery. For two billions gold, anyone can buy the world from us. Yes, men can buy it from us with borrowed gold that they pay back in depreciated paper. Thus profiteers possess themselves of all the wealth of Germany bit by bit; they make us work for them and divert the fruits of our labor to foreigners. More than that, so-called German enterprises, even those for whose interests our working people are fighting to-day with such self-sacrifice, are operating with enemy capital.

Consider a moment. We are working twofold for other countries. First, we work for the profit of the victors, which is not so unjust, for they likewise have sacrificed and suffered. But in the second place, we work for the profit of our own extortioners, confiscators, and blood-gorgers, who have sacrificed nothing and suffered naught.

My friends, the political dictatorship of which we hear so much must not be permitted. But the word itself need not terrify us, for we already have the evil in our midst. It is a dictatorship of the

greediest. They dictate without rivals. Under the conditions from which our country suffers at present, money is the only power: not service, not intellectual leadership, not ability — these things no longer count. Neither do the anger and determination of the working classes. Only money rules in a land where money has almost disappeared.

This is our guilt, our almost inextinguishable guilt. Why have we let it happen? In another country, where money rules, conditions are exactly the opposite of our own: I mean America, where money is abundant, where every man may hope to have it. It reigns there, in my opinion, as a symbol of human hope. But it reigns among us as a symbol of despair.

Let us wake up to our condition! Let us rally our strength. I do not rail at individuals — there are but few of them, and they are not to be envied. If we cannot endure them for their wealth, they cannot tolerate us for our poverty. And they can certainly take no satisfaction in knowing that under their rule nothing thrives except themselves. But does this mean that we must be led to Calvary by a few accidental, bloated, capitalist colossi?

We all know that if their interests, the interests of the few rich individuals who call themselves the business world, were relegated to their proper subordinate place, our Government might still go on — and our foreign relations might be far better than now. What is the reason for our unhappy controversy with France? Naturally, we are burdened with an irrational Peace Treaty that seems expressly designed to paralyze production and to prevent Europe's recovery. Its first great defect is that it destroys international good-will. It affords no compensation, moral or otherwise, to a nation that labors for its creditor; and for that reason it violates common sense. It is hard

enough to fulfill; but if we expect to fulfill it to the extent of our ability we must concentrate, we must not waste our efforts, we must not let the wealth of Germany slip through our hands. No, quite the reverse of this. Every man should hold on to his own property. But what is happening? The modest estates that create a sense of civic responsibility, upon which private and national honor rest, are torn from their owners. As a consequence, the sense of civic duty, upon which all government is founded, is destroyed. We have allowed public welfare to become identical with the welfare of a few rich individuals. That is our criminal weakness.

We are not dishonest bankrupts. Our creditors are mistaken. We are merely criminally discouraged. Our creditors merely see that our resources are being wasted, and prepare to invade us. They delay only as long as there is a Government in Germany whose goodwill they cannot dispute. But the moment a Cabinet takes office at Berlin which, in their opinion, is totally a tool of our tax- and Reparations-dodging monopolists, they will seize our country for their debt.

Therefore the monopolist has now become a patriot. To be sure, there has been a revival of national spirit among the German commoners since the Ruhr invasion; but we should not be deceived as to to whom we owe this invasion—we owe it to illegally accumulated capital. True patriotism—which might be better termed love for our fellow men—demands prudence and justice. Any national spirit born of injustice and demoralization is false patriotism. It is immaterial whether or not our coal barons are subsidizing directly our nationalist-chauvinist societies, for in any case these owe their existence to the conditions such men create. Nationalism and its organizations could not

possibly play the prominent rôle they are playing to-day—they would be obscure, private adventures, attracting little attention from the public—were it not for the poisonous atmosphere with which our unnatural capitalist aggregations corrupt the whole countryside like a heap of corpses; and indeed, these huge fortunes are the slaughtered savings of the people. Nationalism would have no excuse for existence were it not for the foreign complications in which our paradoxical high finance has precipitated us—it could not exist without the distress that makes men gamble on a lost cause.

On the other hand, however, the Ruhr invasion also shows the weakness of France. Let us see things exactly as they are. This France that vaunts her strength and resorts so readily to force is as weak as we are. Whatever comfort that may give us may be ours. France suffers from the deadening of the spirit of liberty, as do most other nations, including ourselves. France lets herself be driven to unwise acts of a chauvinist minority, with whom her thinking and industrious population do not agree. We too are ruled by a minority. It is tragic that this should occur to both of us simultaneously, for in spite of all that has happened—rather because of what has happened—we need reconciliation with France sooner and more urgently than with any other country; and France needs us. Neither we nor France nor our continent can survive much longer without this reconciliation. Our common existence depends upon a better spirit in both nations, so that the people themselves, and not merely their capitalist masters, may reach an understanding.

The better nature of Germany speaks in the Weimar Constitution. We must listen to that voice. It was no accident that this Constitution was adopted at Weimar. Weimar! That means we

wish in the future to live in the spirit of freedom. We had groaned under absolutism, and we repudiated it. But is that to mean that we are merely to bow to its yoke under another name — to accept the shackles of capitalist despotism instead of military despotism?

Our sincerest Republicans, the pioneers of civic liberty in our country, are disappointed with our present Republic; and it would be a tragedy for the Republic to lose such friends. Yet it is becoming more evident daily that Germany can survive only as a free nation. Everyone is talking of our collapse as the logical consequence of our scandalous economic policies — except where such talk would be most appropriate: in the Reichstag.

My friends, a person who was present at the last three sessions of the Reichstag was in a house of spectres. No one had seen anything like it before. Such a spectral sonata, such a tragic grotesque no theatre ever exhibited. The Chancellor entered, to be greeted with shouts of 'Living corpse!' 'Bankrupt!' He caught this greeting. His face twitched with pain. He spoke. He spun fairy tales. He lavished empty promises. When he began to speak the dollar was already fabulously high, but before he ceased to speak it mounted still higher. Then another spectre entered on the stage — a former Imperial Minister who told us during the war: 'The Americans can't fly, they can't swim; they won't get here.' And this spectre still gibbered and seemed to live. Next, to prevent the Communists from speaking, a foreign Minister discussed the League of Nations! Meanwhile at the very door could be heard the low despairing moan of misery, the expiring sigh of our national collapse!

Here, at least, let us speak out on burning questions. Let us dare to utter the word: the collapse of Germany impends, and the classes whose greed

and selfishness have brought her to this pass cannot prevent her ruin when it comes. The producing classes alone, the people who love their country more than they do investments abroad, must vie with each other in rallying loyally to the nation. Then out of this trial a new and better Germany may rise.

We must truly celebrate this day. The spirit that inspires the Constitution is a forward-looking spirit, capable of attaining anything in the way of progress; but it will not countenance backsliding and contempt for our fellow men. For what should government serve if it be not our fellow men? Is the State an end in itself? Is business an end in itself? Is the struggle between mighty competitors and industrial interests what gives meaning to life? Man is the Alpha and Omega. The State, the business world, are beneficial or pernicious as they benefit or harm the individual man. Humanitarianism, in the sense of human welfare, must be the soul of our public policies. The battle might be quickly won were leaders to rise who have the determination, the inflexibility, the dauntless persistence in fighting for what is right, that we now see displayed in fighting for what is wrong.

My friends, follow the leaders who think in human values, who regard you as moral beings to whom they are responsible. Your best friend, my labor hearers, is the man who thinks. My meaning is that even our country and our continent will at some future time be guided quietly and without effort or force, by the wisest. But before that comes we must all become wiser than we are to-day. The ultimate end is peace. Along the as yet dark path that leads to peace a torch is lighted here and there. Men pass these torches from hand to hand. One of them is the Weimar Constitution. Let us hold it high.

BULGARIAN BACKGROUNDS

BY * * *

From Le Correspondant, August 25
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC SEMIMONTHLY)

I SAW Alexander Stambuliskii for the last time one gray December afternoon in the uninspiring setting of the Lausanner railway-station. Wearied with the delays of the Near Eastern Conference, he was returning from Bulgaria, leaving to his associates the task of pleading for his country's right of access to the Egean Sea.

He departed confident that the Allies would recognize the justice of this plea, and repeated to me just before he left his favorite saying, 'All comes to him who waits.'

A few months later, when I received the news of his tragic death, I thought of the cruel illusion in these words. A strange character was Alexander Stambuliskii: peasant, patriot, journalist, cabinet minister, premier, mob leader, defiant opponent of one king and friend of another, envoy to international conferences — an amalgamation of contrasting attributes and qualities, and probably the most interesting personality of the Balkans.

In foreign affairs he advocated with conviction complete loyalty to the Allies. At home he was an impulsive dictator, cherishing vast schemes for the future greatness of his country, and riding roughshod over whatever stood in the way of realizing his goal. Scarcely two months have passed since he was assassinated in his native village. We are not far enough away from him as yet to pass judgment upon his character or his policies. I shall merely recall some interesting details of the career that lifted the young shepherd of an

obscure hamlet in the Rhodope Mountains to the highest political post in his country.

Alexander Stambuliskii was born in 1879 in the village of Slavovitza. His parents were peasants of the stock that forms the backbone of the Bulgarian race. His father, who had taken part in the insurrection of 1876 against the Turks, owed his name, Stambuliskii, — 'Man from Stamboul,' — to the fact that when a youth he had been the valet of a Turkish pasha at Constantinople and in Asia Minor. Alexander's mother died at the time she gave him birth, and the father later married a peasant woman who neglected her stepson for her own children. Young Stambuliskii was therefore left to his own devices, and was employed in watching the village flocks. He grew up a little savage, living on the hardest fare and the leavings of his father's table, where all the dainties and caresses were reserved for his half-brothers. He often told me that this ill-treatment never troubled him. He loved his wild and solitary life, and learned to look on nature as his true mother. At this time he struck up a friendship with an old shepherd in the vicinity, who cured him of the torturing headaches with which he was afflicted by a thorough bleeding. The incision left a lifelong scar on his rugged forehead.

Young Stambuliskii, like many of his countrymen, had a passionate longing to acquire an education. Whenever he was able he attended the village

school, where his unusual ability attracted the attention of his teacher, who eventually sent him to a gymnasium in a neighboring town. As soon as he had finished his course there, he decided to study abroad, and, borrowing a small sum from a lady teacher, he went to Halle, where he took a one-year course in agriculture. Rather scanty preparation for a future premier! When he returned to Bulgaria, eighteen years old, he married, out of gratitude, the teacher who had helped him. She was ten years older than himself.

Soon afterward Stambuliskii took up journalism, and by the time he was twenty-three years old he was editor of the principal organ of the Agrarian Party. He devoted himself to organizing the peasants, and soon became their undisputed leader. Five years later, in 1908, he was elected to Parliament, where he soon made his mark as a brilliant orator, for he was gifted by nature with a primitive and forceful eloquence that appealed irresistibly to his peasant hearers. I have often admired his simple, but striking, metaphors. His speeches in the Sobranje, defending the rights of the peasants, soon made him famous, and rallied them solidly behind him against the despotic government of King Ferdinand. That sovereign learned what this opposition meant at the great meeting at Tirnovo in 1911, when Stambuliskii refused to remove his peasant's cap while the King in person read his speech from the throne.

The struggle between the monarch and the peasant leader reached a bitter crisis after the European War broke out, and in 1915 just before the mobilization of the Bulgarian army. At this time Stambuliskii tried to negotiate directly with the diplomatic representatives of the Allies at Sofia, — particularly with the British Minister, — but was rebuffed by them, and left

to fight his battle with King Ferdinand alone. This resulted in the famous interview with his sovereign that ended with his arrest and death sentence. However, the latter was commuted to life imprisonment when news reached the capital that the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry had mutinied to protest against it. He remained in prison from September 1915 to September 1918. He was never submissive and never passive, and succeeded in directing from his confinement several mutinies among the troops at the front, which caused him to be transferred to the sombre fortress of Widin on the Danube.

Stambuliskii often related to me his suffering during these hard years, when only his unshakable faith in an Entente victory made life endurable. He used to tell his friends: 'Patience is the substance of heroism.' It was a remarkable saying for a young, ardent, vigorous man, checked in the full swing of a patriotic career by a blind and stupid adversary. With the practical common-sense of his peasant blood, he used the period of his confinement to amplify his knowledge, reading an immense quantity of literature that his daughter managed to convey to him in prison. Since he knew only Bulgarian, he could read only works translated into that language; but he thus became familiar with great masters of Russian literature, with the restless, rebellious genius of Oscar Wilde, with Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, and with several novels of Maupassant and Marcel Prévost. He also wrote a number of political pamphlets and philosophical essays upon such subjects as 'What a Statesman Should Be,' 'Authority,' 'Anarchy and Democracy.' His style is vigorous and incisive.

During his imprisonment at Widin he was not even permitted a table in

his cell, but was forced to write standing, supporting his paper on the sill of a high, barred window. At this time he acquired the habit of writing in that position, and during the Genoa Conference I saw him turn unconsciously to a high commode to pen his closing speech, although there was a comfortable desk unoccupied almost at his side.

He also profited by his confinement to make psychological studies of his fellow prisoners, which he gathered into a pamphlet entitled 'The Mentality of Captives.' He records, with striking keenness of observation and analysis, the various motives for crimes, the effect of the same punishment upon different people, the arrogant callousness of the assassin, the nervous unrest of the thief, the careless indifference of the gypsy delinquent.

Stambuliskii was treated with extreme harshness, but was permitted one favor: to receive gifts from the neighboring villagers. They kept him abundantly supplied with white bread, butter, cheese, and cakes, which he always shared with his companions in misfortune. After he became premier, gypsy ex-convicts would visit him at his office to thank him for his kindness when he was their comrade in misery. I once saw him stop, when he was walking with a foreign diplomat, to shake hands cordially with a ragged news-vendor, while the astonished envoy looked on with dismayed disgust.

Stambuliskii's opportunity came in September 1918, when King Ferdinand, his troops in utter rout, sought to save the last remnants of his prestige by entrusting the Agrarian leader with power. Stambuliskii was set at liberty and summoned urgently to the Palace, where he had an interview with his frightened monarch as tragic and memorable as the one in 1915; only in this instance the rôles were reversed.

When the King implored the recent victim of his wrath to save the throne, Stambuliskii bluntly replied that he would try to save his people, and advised the King to ask at once for an armistice. Unable to convince the sovereign, he immediately took an automobile for the front, rallied some of the disorganized soldiers to his banner, and returned to Sofia intending to dethrone the King. Meanwhile German reinforcements enabled the troops still faithful to the monarch to defeat Stambuliskii's partisans at the gates of the capital. But the King abdicated the next day in favor of his son, Boris, after a last futile act of vengeance proclaiming Stambuliskii an outlaw. The Agrarian leader vanished for a few weeks, but soon persuaded the new Government to issue a general amnesty, including all the recent rebels.

Stambuliskii became Minister of Public Works in January 1919, and was one of Bulgaria's commissioners to the Paris Conference the following July. The delegation was interned, pending the signing of the Treaty, in the Château de Madrid at Neuilly. Stambuliskii had no sooner unpacked his things on the day of his arrival there than he hastened out for a walk in the Bois. He was halted at the Park gate by a Republican guard and a secret-service agent, but could not understand what they said. One of his colleagues was obliged to explain to him that the Conference had directed that no Bulgarian delegate should leave the Château de Madrid unless accompanied by a detective. Stambuliskii simply said, 'I understand. The Allies are shutting me up for having spent three years in prison for them!' A most embarrassing remark for his jailers!

* During the protracted negotiations Stambuliskii and his colleagues returned to Bulgaria, following the fall elections, which had returned a heavy

Agrarian majority; and when he came back to sign the Treaty in November he was Prime Minister.

At this time Stambuliskii was not quite forty years old. His tenacity of purpose under persecution, his patient, untiring pursuit of the ends he set before himself, had made him a man of mark. He was very tall, of Herculean proportions, with massive shoulders and a bull neck, abrupt in his movements, quick and silent in action, with a great square head and a florid face framed in curly black hair, which he always wore rather long. Below his rugged forehead, which was lined with horizontal wrinkles and crossed in the centre by a deep and very characteristic perpendicular furrow, his little brown eyes twinkled with a strange, disquieting alertness under his bushy eyebrows. I have seldom seen him look fixedly at an object. His black moustache, curving back against his cheeks, gave his face, which at the best had a savage cast, an expression of fierceness which vanished only when he laughed — a frank, open laugh that showed his perfect teeth.

His voice did not harmonize with his formidable appearance, for it was always husky and occasionally shrill — a weakness due to an attack of pleurisy in his childhood that brought him to the point of death and permanently affected his throat.

When among his friends, Stambuliskii was a ready talker, and fond of recalling the incidents of his childhood. He took great interest in the people he met, and enjoyed drawing them out and discovering their opinions and tastes. He was a remarkably keen observer. Possibly this faculty was sharpened by his ignorance of any language but Bulgarian, which gave him time to study his interlocutors while the conversation was interpreted.

His remarkably keen intellect quickly

detected the defects in his education. He was ever intent upon self-improvement and learning new things, especially in history, European institutions, and the condition and customs of the people in countries through which he traveled. His conversation would skip from theme to theme, and was often brilliant; but it was followed by long silences, during which he seemed to be thinking over what he had just heard. His extraordinary memory enabled him to dispense with written notes.

Stambuliskii's first appearance before a great European gathering was in the reception room of the City Hall at Neuilly, where, in the presence of the representatives of the greatest Governments in the world, he affixed his rude, firm signature to a treaty for which he was so little responsible that it represented for him the fruit of three years in prison. I shall never forget the dignity of his attitude before this assembly of judges, who studied with some embarrassment the impassive representative of mutilated Bulgaria.

The same evening the Bulgarian delegates were given liberty to move about freely, and Stambuliskii at once arranged to visit Versailles Palace the next day. Undoubtedly that building symbolized in his mind all the beauty and culture of France. I recall that Stambuliskii reached the terrace of the Palace by the great marble steps which descend to the Saint-Cyr road. From the foot of this stairway it is impossible to get an impression of the beauties above. It was a gray, humid, gloomy morning, but Stambuliskii, who was in high spirits, bounded up the steps at a full run. I can still see his gigantic, panting figure and his flushed, happy face as he finished this unexpected exhibition of agility and speed. Stambuliskii at Versailles! It seemed for a moment an anachronism. But when he reached the top and his eyes drank

in the whole charm of the panorama, he was suddenly silent, and I caught on his countenance an expression of deep, almost humble admiration. He visited the Palace with passionate interest, but without saying a word. Later he often referred to it as one of the happiest experiences of his life. . . .

Upon his return to Sofia the Premier had to suppress a general strike and to curb the active propaganda of Soviet agents in Bulgaria. His vigorous methods speedily accomplished this. Thereupon he dissolved Parliament in order to disembarass himself of its Communist members. The election of March 1920 gave the Agrarians a majority in the Sobranje, and enabled Stambuliskii to form a cabinet consisting exclusively of his own party. The hour of the peasants had struck. . . .

Stambuliskii attended the second assembly of the League of Nations, the Genoa Conference, and the first part of the Lausanne Conference. He had an unshakable faith in the League of Nations, though he realized that it could not be expected to solve at once all of Europe's problems. He deplored the abstention of the United States, saying, 'Without America the League is a tree without fruit.' He cherished a passionate admiration for the United States, and hoped some day to visit that country.

He was particularly interested in the Genoa Conference, where he met for the first time representatives of the Soviet Government. He was often accused of secret sympathy with Moscow. To this charge he would reply: 'How can anyone be so blind as not to see the fundamental difference between Communism and our peasant programme? One means dictatorship; the other democracy. Our social system is like an old tree. The Bolsheviki say it has lived too long, and would cut it down and plant a sapling in its place.

We peasants say that it should not be cut down, for it has taken a long, long time to grow. We merely believe in pruning it and letting in a little more air and light. . . .'

Stambuliskii had an immense fund of kindness in his heart, and his first impulses were generally excellent. How then does it happen that so vigorous and vital a man should permit himself to be led into such unpardonable errors? I explain it by his emotional temperament, which made him an easy victim of persuasive eloquence, and rendered him incapable of choosing good associates.

When abroad, where his worst adherents seldom followed him, Stambuliskii's companions were not so bad; but in Bulgaria he lived in a circle of fanatical young Agrarians and mediocre worshipers, to whose flattery and unwise advice he often yielded. This flaw in his otherwise formidable armor enabled his enemies to deliver a fatal thrust to a man who in many ways deserved the undying gratitude of his country.

Political gamblers and shady adventurers, possessing no education or other title to distinction except their personal ambition, wormed their way into the higher councils of the Agrarian Party, imposed upon the good faith of the peasants, and speedily debased the moral principles of a powerful organization whose sensible and honest rank and file were so preoccupied with the labors of the farm that they became an easy prey of irresponsible demagogues. Yielding to the evil inspiration of the reckless and feckless men who had climbed into his chariot, Stambuliskii abused his authority and tried to impose an Agrarian dictatorship upon the entire nation. He sought to confer on the Executive Committee of the Peasants' Union powers and functions that are properly reserved to the Sobranje.

Bulgaria is at heart a democratic country. Such a policy was immediately resented. Stambuliskii's cabinet was obliged to fight in succession the bourgeoisie, the clergy, the intelligentsia, the university circles, the army, the Communists, and even a moderate wing of the Peasants' Union itself. It thoroughly alienated the sympathies of all these elements. The Agrarian Ministry curtailed the function of lawyers, persecuted professors, imprisoned members of preceding cabinets, and — most dangerous error of all — despised the army.

Stambuliskii's long absences abroad helped his foreign policy but compromised seriously his position at home. The Macedonians were exasperated at his overtures to the Cabinet at Belgrade, and joined in the silent conspiracy against his rule. Meanwhile his partisans profited by these long absences — for Stambuliskii eagerly seized every pretext to travel — to indulge in a carnival of injustice; and the returning Premier found himself facing accomplished facts which he may have disapproved in his own heart but could not reverse. . . .

At times Stambuliskii betrayed a sense of fathomless discouragement. During the Lausanne Conference he repeatedly expressed to his intimate friends a desire to quit office. Did he have a vague presentiment of early death? No one can tell. Like other premiers of the tragic Balkan Peninsula, Stambuliskii must have had the possibility of assassination constantly in mind, but even the most cynical would have predicted that this would be by the pistol of a fanatic while Stambuliskii was in the full flush of

power, and not after he had been deserted by his followers.

Stambuliskii did not deserve such a pitiful end, for his great services to Bulgaria cannot be questioned. He saved her from Bolshevism after the Armistice. He restored friendly relations between her people and the other nations of Europe. He even succeeded in winning the confidence of his enemy brothers, the Serbs, next door. He resisted the temptation to follow the example of the rebellious ex-allies of Bulgaria on the north and south, even though the Peace of Lausanne seems to put a premium on such an attitude. He obtained, by his personal influence, a reduction in Bulgaria's crushing Reparations debt, so that even before his death the currency of his country was sounder than that of some of the Entente governments. Last of all, he made Bulgaria the most pacific nation in the Balkans.

History will unquestionably condemn his methods, but she will approve his motives. An English statesman, when he learned of the tragedy at Slavovitz, uttered these words, eloquent in their simplicity: 'I regret this death. Stambuliskii was not only a good Bulgarian, but also a great European.'

To those among us who knew him well, a stanza of an Eastern poet immediately suggests itself: —

*Tout n'est qu'un échiquier de jours, de nuits,
Où le destin s'amuse des êtres humains;
Il les avance et les recule et les abat
Et les remet, un à un, dans la boîte de cèdre.*

(Life's but a checkerboard of nights and days,
Upon which Fate with human beings plays;
She moves them forward, jumps them, and then
drops
Them one by one into their cedar box.)

A LIVING CORPSE

BY E. T. RAYMOND

From the *London Outlook*, September 1
(LONDON SEMI-RADICAL WEEKLY)

I have a brother, is condemned to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

ONE feels rather like that about the announcement that the *Daily Herald* is likely to go the way of the *Daily Citizen*, Labor's only other venture in the perilous field of daily journalism. There are things in the *Daily Herald* many people would gladly have missed; but it is a pity that the paper itself should die. Labor, as the second largest party in the State, — or perhaps, more accurately, in Parliament, — ought to have a permanent and vigorous representative in the daily press. That is admitted even by those who most object to a Labor paper expressing Labor views, and who are shocked when it fails to take the *Morning Post's* view of an honors list or 'Royal Ascot.'

Besides, the *Daily Herald* is entitled on its merits to a certain respect. It has greatly improved under the professional editorship of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, who has once more proved that the soldier by trade may be stricter in his code than the patriot in arms. Lord Balfour once regretted that, since enthusiasm rules the world, it is rather a pity that so few enthusiasts can be depended on to speak the truth. The *Herald*, under the control of Labor amateurs, was extraordinarily enthusiastic, but rather less than ordinarily truthful. Not that it told lies; probably it told fewer than papers which were, in effect, far more veracious. People who tell lies are not always the most untruthful. There are few news-

papers nowadays which do not garble their news to some extent; they will not let the reader have the facts neat, relying solely on the strength of their arguments to bring his judgment of the facts in harmony with their own. But the *Daily Herald* on occasion carried to quite extraordinary lengths this business of coloring news to suit views. Even the hardened conscience of Fleet Street was a little shocked.

Such faults, however, — and many others, — have been softened under Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's control; and the *Herald*, if it goes under, will make no disgraceful end. At its worst it was better than the maintained papers of other parties, no doubt because on certain subjects it really had something to say. It has cost the trades-unions a pretty penny, but they can at least reflect that they have had a much better run for their money than some millionaires have got for theirs.

But evidently British Labor has still to learn the secret of the enormous success of the great Socialist dailies of the Continent. It is not a little singular that this should be so. The British trades-union organization is the most perfect in the world. The working population of Great Britain is very much larger than that of France, and not much smaller than that of Germany. The workingman in this country is better paid than the Continental, and has a larger surplus for personal expenditure. Yet while such papers as *Vorwärts* and *L'Humanité* are not only self-supporting but prosperous, the

Daily Herald has only been kept going by levies, and shows no promise of ever paying its way.

No doubt there are many differences between British and Continental conditions to explain the facts, and among the unfavorable factors in England is, of course, the enormous cost of modern newspaper production. The 'overhead' expenses are so large that a single newspaper is heavily handicapped in competition with grouped publications which get the full value out of their machinery and human organization.

But perhaps the main trouble lies in that British characteristic which Mr. Gladstone indicated when he remarked that the Englishman was profoundly 'inequalitarian.' The Englishman always likes to be in a class consisting of one, and dislikes merging his individuality in a body. On the Continent men boast of being aristocrats, proudly proclaim themselves bourgeois, or vaunt themselves as class-conscious proletarians. In England it is as bad form to obtrude one's own family tree as to expose somebody's else family skeleton; and our aristocrats, like our soldiers, tend to mufti. Nobody ever confesses to being middle-class; and, though on ritual occasions the workingman will call himself a proletarian, he would assuredly knock down anybody who called him one.

This feature of the British character will probably prejudice the chances of any self-confessed Labor paper. The average man does not like to advertise himself in a train or a tramcar by reading papers which suggest intellectual oddity, or papers which place their patrons socially. There are even Radicals who, lest they should suffer a diminution of prestige, make a point of traveling with the *Morning Post*, and reserve their pet papers for secret perusal. Among the workingmen of this country there are social divisions

far more serious than those which separate a duke from a plain squire, and a declared Labor daily, however good, would probably suffer a handicap unknown to the 'capitalistic' press.

But, in fact, the conditions have so far forbidden the making of a good Labor newspaper. The *Daily Herald* has suffered from being a strictly *ad hoc* production. People who subsidize papers are rather like the employer of Gilbert's Jack Point. They 'hope to get value for money,' and their idea of value is vain repetition. The mistake is not singular to Labor, but as capital is rather rare in the Labor world the temptation is specially strong to demand the full money's worth.

In any other business this would be a quite reasonable attitude. If the Coöperative Societies of Great Britain, for example, put aside certain sums to equip a factory for making artificial legs, they would be foolish indeed to leave the manager at liberty to turn out skipping-ropes instead. But if the same societies decided to finance a daily newspaper in order to promote the interest of coöperation, they would be exceedingly unwise to bind down the editor to talk of nothing but coöperation. The more ostensible money's worth they got the less the actual value they would receive. For the melancholy fact is that there are not many people who will consent to read everlastingly articles about coöperation, and the only way in which an editor can persuade a large public to read anything at all is by cunningly mixing the powder with much jam. If the Coöperative Societies are wise they will choose an able and experienced man, whose heart, of course, must be sound on the main question, but whose bonnet is quite free from bees. The paper will not be labeled as 'the organ of the coöperative movement'; it will proclaim itself a genu-

inely popular organ, with no axe to grind and no fad to serve. It will only deal directly with coöperation when any issue of genuine interest arises; at other times it will content itself with a coöperative atmosphere. It will suggest and not weary by declaiming.

All this is recognized by the most intelligent even of private advertisers. They often show enormous ingenuity in making a pickle or a toffee appeal to some sort of emotion in a public not vividly interested in pickles or toffee. Yet men whose business it is to recommend a great cause seem to have little notion of arts understood by any vulgar showman or quack. While the ordinary capitalistic newspaper is constantly making experiments to keep itself informed of fluctuations in public taste, the propaganda newspaper insists on hammering away monotonously at one set of subjects. Its one idea is frontal attack, which might succeed if the public were under compulsion to read what is written for it. But as no compulsion can be applied, and as no loyalty, no party enthusiasm, no self-interest even can long succeed in forcing the average man to read what bores him, this simple strategy is doomed to failure.

The Labor journalist is further handicapped by the necessity of respecting persons. He must solemnly accept everything in the party programme, and everybody in the party personnel, at face value. He must be respectful to Mr. Snowden's teetotalism, Mr. Sidney Webb's economics, Mr. J. H. Thomas's excursions into literature. He can never indulge in the joy—one of the finest tonics to a journalist—of jeering at a pompous leader, or laughing at a stupid fad. Every plank is sacred. Every fool is immune from ridicule. Consequently a double dullness afflicts the Labor organ. It is bound to deal continually

on routine lines with one set of subjects. It is condemned to glorify on routine lines one set of individuals. All its opinions can be foretold, and even the expression of them can generally be guessed in advance.

It is true that there are other papers, of other parties, quite as hidebound. The — is bound to pretend every day that perfect wisdom resides only in Mr. Asquith. The — tries to persuade its readers, morning after morning, that Mr. Lloyd George has always been right, and that Mr. Lloyd George's critics, though they were also his colleagues, have always been wrong. But the older parties have also privately conducted papers which know the elements of their business, and which, through the independence, insight, or private interest, or perhaps the mere pique and love of mischief of their proprietors, do often take a more or less independent line. With this quality of unexpectedness, plus a due sense of the public's nonpolitical interests, they are not only prosperous but influential. Their general appeal even suffices to overcome dislike of their special character, and Labor voters by the million swell the circulations of anti-Labor journals.

It is easier to indicate the disease than to suggest the remedy. The ideal thing for Labor would be to induce some capitalist who is also a master of journalism to venture on a new kind of Labor paper. The Labor Party has its own aristocrats and intellectuals; why has no rich man found himself attracted by at least part of its philosophy? For anybody with genuine democratic sympathies there should be great fun in an attempt to establish a great paper which should be in relation to official Labor much what the *Times* used to be in relation to official Conservatism and Liberalism—sympathetic, but critical and constructive.

TALKS WITH TOLSTOI. I

BY RICARDO BAEZA

[Alexander Borisovich Goldenweiser, a Russian pianist, published last year at Moscow two volumes of reminiscences, entitled *Vblizi Tolstogo*, selections from which have been translated and published in England in a single volume noted under Books Mentioned. These reminiscences record conversations with Tolstoi during fifteen years of intimate companionship ending only with the great writer's death, and suggest strikingly Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe. Mr. Goldenweiser has been for many years Professor of Music (piano) at the Moscow Conservatory.]

From *El Sol*, August 15, 18, and 25
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

LIKE Goethe Tolstoi was a marvel of vigor in his old age. Goldenweiser describes him to us breaking a fractious colt, and as an excellent horseman who thoroughly understood his mounts and personally taught them their paces. 'On another occasion I was struck with his physical vigor. One of his sons was trying unsuccessfully to perform a difficult gymnastic feat. Tolstoi watched him for a time and then, unable to contain himself longer, said, "Let me try it," and to the surprise of everybody present performed it successfully.'

His mind was as vigorous as his body. We all know that his literary productivity did not cease until his death. When seventy-three years old, he mastered Dutch in a little more than two months — a detail that recalls how Goethe learned Persian in his old age in order to read Hafiz and Saadi. Goldenweiser tells us that Tolstoi's favorite textbook for studying a foreign tongue was the New Testament, which he would translate with a dictionary in his hands. . . .

When we consider the vast volume of Tolstoi's literary works, we naturally assume that he was a rapid writer; but Goldenweiser tells us that he wrote and rewrote every page with almost as scrupulous care as Flaubert, and never

was satisfied with what he had done. He used to say: 'I cannot understand how anyone can write without rewriting more than once. I almost never read over my printed works. But if for some reason I have to do so I invariably say to myself: "All that ought to be written over. It should be put this way. . . ."'

Whenever a thought or a word escaped him, Tolstoi would stop writing and go off by himself until what he was seeking came back to him.

Another trait of Tolstoi's, repeatedly referred to in this book, is his passion for personal liberty, his love of a free and wandering life. Dostoevskii says that the typical Russian is the vagabond — 'that Russian vagabond whose thirst for happiness can only be quenched by the felicity of the universe.' Tolstoi was in this respect a typical Russian. The dream of his life, which he tried to realize on the very eve of his death, was to become a wanderer, to be a pilgrim with script and staff. Goldenweiser tells us how he would visit every band of Gypsies that passed by Iasnaia Poliana, and relates of one such occasion: 'When he saw them, Tolstoi seemed transfigured, and involuntarily began to dance to the rhythm of their songs, and to shout encouragement to them. "What a mar-

velous people!" he exclaimed. All the old Gypsies knew Tolstoi and liked to hold long conversations with him. Tolstoi was fond of Gypsies from childhood, and knew all their habits and customs.'

Frequent references to Tolstoi's ideas upon art occur. It is well known that he was extremely fond of music, but we learn here that his favorite composer was Chopin and that he had an invincible antipathy for all modern music. 'Chopin's greatness lies in the fact that the simplest passages in his music never lack content, and the most ornate and complicated passages never suggest the virtuoso.'

His favorite Russian authors were Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Gertzen, Tutchew, and Dostoevskii. He said of the last of these: 'When we scrutinize him closely, we see that Dostoevskii wrote badly, that he lacked force from the technical point of view; but how much he always had to say! Taine said that he would trade all the French novels for one of his pages.' And speaking of Turgenev: 'I am very fond of him personally, but I do not rate him especially high as a writer.' On the other hand, Countess Tolstoi seemed to cherish a certain fondness for Turgenev, and told Goldenweiser this charming anecdote: 'The last time he came to Iasnaia, not long before his death, I asked him: "Ivan Sergeevich, why don't you write any more?" He said: "In order to write I have always had to be a little in love. Now I am too old to fall in love, and so I have stopped writing."'

Referring to Shakespeare and Goethe, Tolstoi said: 'I have read both of them from cover to cover three times during my life, and I have never been able to understand where they get their reputation.' This opinion, which was unquestionably sincere, will astound many, but we must bear in mind that

Tolstoi was judging them from the moral standpoint. On the other hand, he was very fond of Schiller and remarked: 'There's a man for you!' He differed from Dostoevskii in detesting George Sand, and could not understand how anyone could read that author's writings.

In general he was indifferent to contemporary writers, except Anatole France, whom he esteemed highly. At the time when Maeterlinck was all the vogue, he was most frank in his low estimate of that writer, notwithstanding the admiration that the Belgian dramatist professed for his own works. When someone told him that Maeterlinck had written, in the preface to his dramatic works, that *The Power of Darkness* was the greatest drama in the world, Tolstoi laughed sardonically and asked: 'Then why does n't he imitate it?' On another occasion, when somebody asked him if he had read *Monna Vanna*, he replied: 'Why should I read it? Have I committed a crime?'

Tolstoi's hatred of modernity prejudiced him against every form of contemporary art. He considered present-day music empty and chaotic. He tried to study modern writers conscientiously, and confessed one day to Goldenweiser: 'I am trying to understand and appreciate these moderns, but it costs me tremendous labor.' Another day, in speaking of modern art in general, he said: 'They have lost all sense of shame. I cannot express it in any other way . . . the sense of æsthetic shame, artistic modesty. I am not sure you know what this sentiment is, but I feel it intensely every time I read anything artistically false.'

On another occasion he observed shrewdly: 'Speaking generally, modern writers have lost the idea of drama. Drama, instead of tediously describing to us the whole life of a man, ought to put him in a position where he is so

stripped of all that is adventitious that we see him at a single glance as he really is. I have ventured to criticize Shakespeare. But all of his characters are alive, and we can see clearly why they act as they do. In Shakespeare's time they put signs upon the stage, saying, "moonlight," "interior of a house," and the like, in order — thank God! — that the whole attention of the audience might be concentrated upon the substance of the play. Now it is just the reverse.'

On another occasion he said: 'Modern art often affects us the way an irritant affects our sensory organs — just as mustard pleases a depraved palate, but is disagreeable to a healthy palate. It is the same with the arts. We must draw a line showing where artistic mustard begins, and in my opinion this is a problem of enormous importance. In painting, especially, it seems to me particularly difficult to draw that line.'

Referring to the absurd fad of becoming 'an artist' overnight so common nowadays, he said wittily: 'If you were to ask a person if he played the violin, and he were to answer, "I don't know, I never tried," you would laugh at him. But when it comes to writing, anyone may say, "I don't know, I never tried," as if trying were all that was necessary to become an author.'

We should bear in mind that the modern writers whom Tolstoi condemned belong to the generation of symbolists and neo-romanticists that we now consider almost classical — some of them, indeed, quite properly as masters. What would he have said of our present ragged army of cubists, futurists, Dadaists, explosionists, and all the rest! On the other hand Tolstoi was not primarily a critic, although he expressed himself with extraordinary acumen regarding certain books and authors. In the first place, his point of

view and his standards were strictly moral. He subordinated every æsthetic consideration to ethical canons. Art for art's sake was to him a pernicious doctrine. We can easily see that criticism is impossible with such a critic. Indeed, Tolstoi has not left a single work on literary criticism, for his book, *What Is Art?* and his volume on Shakespeare are both ethical works.

More than that, Tolstoi was altogether too extraordinary a personality to be a good critic. Great creative geniuses, those men who stand head and shoulders above other men, live too much in the world of their own creations and ideals to busy themselves with the creations and ideals of others — especially when these do not harmonize with theirs. This explains the strange cases of misunderstanding and injustice that we find in the greatest men. In fact, genius and intelligence are quite distinct. A very intelligent man is seldom a genius. Genius seems to involve a large measure of obstinacy and stupidity. In some cases, for instance in that of Victor Hugo, the imbecility seems greater than the genius. Goethe, who combined vast creative genius with eminent intelligence, is unique.

Furthermore, the critical faculty demands a certain humility and love for the works of others, which a genius is seldom capable of feeling. He is wholly wrapped up in his own creations. How can we expect a creator to be humble? More than that, we should not be surprised at Tolstoi's hatred of the new, for that is a universal weakness of human nature. Every generation creates its own ideological and sentimental environment; it has its own system of weights and measures. Often the next generation, through a natural reaction, swings to the opposite extreme. It would be folly to expect a man of letters to play false to his time and genera-

tion in order to justify his inferiors. Even to expect him to devote much attention to them, and to try to understand them, is asking too much. In this case, likewise, Goethe was unique. We must also remember that no man of letters has ever occupied such an Olympian throne, ever rose so high above his contemporaries, as Goethe, who passed judgment upon the men of his time like a sovereign ruling his subjects.

However, we meet in Goldenweiser's book excellent observations on the functions of the critic — for instance the following: 'The value of criticism consists in pointing out what is good in a work of art, and thus guiding the opinion of the public, whose tastes are generally uncultivated, and the majority of whom have no true sense of beauty. So it is difficult to be a really good critic; but at the same time it is very easy for the most stupid and narrow man to pose as a critic. Bad criticism is as great an evil as good criticism is a blessing. . . .' On another occasion he said: 'If everybody abuses my work, it means there is something in it; if everybody flatters it, it means that it is bad; but if some praise it highly, and others abuse it bitterly, then it is of the first quality.'

Speaking of art in general, Tolstoi remarked: 'The most important thing in a work of art is that it should have a kind of focus — that is, a centre where all the rays meet and from which they all disperse; and this focus should not be specifically described in words. . . . Rubinstein said to me one day that his emotions were so powerful when he played in public that he could not communicate them to his hearers. This proves that a work of art is not possible until the soul of the artist has mastered his emotions.'

'Tolstoi talked to me with exasperation of literature as a trade. I have seldom seen him so agitated, He said;

"No one ought to write unless he leaves a fragment of his flesh in the ink bottle every time he dips the pen. . . . All the *quid* of the author consists in perfecting himself. But why chase after new forms? If anyone has something to say, all he needs is time to say it. I think that in the course of time we shall cease to 'invent' works of art. People will come to look upon it as disgraceful to invent a story about an imaginary Mary or John. Authors, if there are still any, will describe only interesting and significant things that it has been given them to observe in their own lives."

It is odd to hear the greatest feminist of the century say: 'If you won't repeat it, I'll tell you confidentially: women are generally so evil that there is scarcely any difference between a good woman and a bad one.'

Soon after their acquaintance Tolstoi took Goldenweiser by the arm one day when bidding him good-bye, led him aside, and said: 'All this time I have wanted to say to you, and now that you are going I will say to you: great as may be your endowments as a musician, and much as may be the time and labor that you have devoted to this art, remember that the most important thing of all is to be a man. It is necessary to bear in mind constantly that art is not everything. In your relations with others endeavor to give them the most in your power, and to receive from them the least that you can. Pardon me for saying this to you, but it was necessary.' Words of good advice that show him to have been a shepherd of souls, tenderly concerned for his flock. Few men possessed as he did the art of entering into the hearts of men; and whoever once received him there never dismissed the guest.

No man was less egotistic or strove more sincerely to be humble. He once said to Goldenweiser: 'The *I* is a tem-

poral thing that limits our immortal essence. To believe in personal immortality has always seemed to me to betray lack of understanding.' At another time he said: 'Every day I grow more convinced that the really sensible man shows that quality by his humility. Pride is inconsistent with understanding.'

He was frequently afflicted with black pessimism, and seemed to despair of the world's ever becoming better. One day, when speaking of revolutionists, he said: 'Their capital error is their superstition that we can regulate human life.' And on another occasion: 'Possibly it is because I do not feel well, but there are times when I grow desperate over all that is happening in the world. I cannot comprehend how men can continue to live thus, with such horrors following on each other's heels. I have always been shocked and bewildered by the slight value we place on man, even if we consider him simply as a useful animal. A horse that can draw a cart is worth a certain price to us, and we pay that price. But a man, for instance, can make shoes, work in a factory, play a piano; and yet fifty per cent of them die unnecessarily. I remember, when I was raising live stock, if the mortality rose to five per cent I got angry and accused my herdsmen of neglecting their work. Yet fifty per cent of the human beings born are dying unnecessarily.'

If Tolstoi felt so then, what would he have thought to-day, when civilization is going to the dogs! During the war and the shameful years that have followed, we have sadly missed a commanding, fearless voice with the authority of Tolstoi's. The world would not have listened to it; I am not so simple as to imagine that. But it would comfort all future generations if history could have recorded some great protesting outcry of the human conscience

— if there had been a prophet to mourn over Europe's ruin.

And indeed Tolstoi, with that prophetic instinct with which all great Russians have been endowed, — as were so many of the writers of his epoch, — seems to have foreseen Russia's ruin. One day he said: 'I have no doubt that, with all this turmoil at home and abroad, before long, on some fine morning, Russia will go to destruction. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. To-day she is a vast and powerful State, to-morrow she will suddenly fly to pieces.'

Yet he sometimes seemed to contradict himself. For instance, such expressions as this are surprisingly apposite to-day: 'The present movement in Russia (Socialism and anarchy) is a world movement, the importance of which is not fully understood. This movement, like the French Revolution before it, will perhaps be the impelling force of the coming centuries. The Russian people possess in a high degree a capacity for organization and self-government. They entrusted their power to the present régime and hoped, as they did when the serfs were liberated, for a distribution of the land. But the land has not been given them. They will have to carry out that great reform themselves. Our revolutionists have not the slightest understanding of the people, or of this sentiment. They might aid, but they will only be an obstacle. The Russian people as I see them — and I do not think I am mistaken — preserve more of the spirit of Christianity than other peoples. Probably the reason is that the Russian people learned the New Testament five centuries before the rest of Europe, which knew practically nothing of it until the Reformation.'

This idea of the super-Christianity of the Russian people was a favorite theme with Tolstoi, as it was with

Dostoevskii, and he often recurred to it. After the war between Russia and Japan, where the Russian army made such a poor showing in comparison with the Mikado's troops, he said: 'The consoling aspect of this debacle is that, no matter how badly the true teaching of Christianity has been distorted, its essence has none the less captured the conscience of the people to such an extent that war cannot be for them, as it is for the Japanese, a sacred cause that makes a hero of the man who dies for it. Fortunately this idea of war as an evil is sinking deeper and deeper into the public mind.' That is a profound and logical observation, which all those Christians who extol military virtues should ponder.

The Christ of Tolstoi was not the God of violence that he is represented to be in every Christian confession, but the God of love and pity, the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount. In this volume there is a touching and appealing passage in which Tolstoi speaks of Him: —

'One day his sister, Maria Nikolaevna, protested against the idea that God could admit to grace the evil man as well as the good one. Tolstoi, after listening to her patiently, answered gently: "Now listen in your turn, Mashenka: Compared with the perfection of God, the difference between the life of the most just man and the most evil man is so insignificant that in reality it amounts to nothing. And how can I admit that God, the God that is naught but love, can be vengeful and punish?"

"But suppose somebody has lived in sin all his life and has died without repenting?" objected Maria Nikolaevna.

"Ah, Mashenka," replied Tolstoi, "but what man wishes to be evil? The

man whom we judge evil likewise suffers, and we should love him and pity him for his suffering. No one really wishes to live a life of evil and suffering. Such a man should not be punished, but pitied, because he does not know the truth."

This God of love filled him with a deep, pantheistic feeling for nature, and suggested some of his most tender and gentle effusions. 'All the world is alive,' he remarked one day to Goldenweiser, in sketching a projected work on a philosophical theme that, so far as we know, was never written. 'All that seems to us dead appears so merely because it is either too large or too small for us to comprehend. We do not see the microbes; the planets appear to us inanimate for the same reason that we appear inanimate to an ant. Beyond question, our earth is alive, and a stone upon the earth is like the nail on a finger. Materialists make the material the basis of life. All the theories of the origin of species, of protoplasm, of atoms, have their value so far as they help us understand the laws that control the physical world. But we must not forget that they are working hypotheses, and nothing more. The astronomers in their calculations assume, for the purpose of making reckonings, that the earth is immovable, and later correct the error. Our materialists likewise set out from a false premise, but they do not admit it and recalculate their problems upon a true and corrected basis. In reality materialism is the most mystical of doctrines. It assumes dogmatically a mystical matter that creates everything out of itself, and is the foundation of everything. It is something as impossible of concrete visualization as the Trinity itself.'

SUBDUING THE DESERT

BY FRANCISCO GRANDMONTAGNE

From *El Sol*, August 11
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

I CONFESS to the Argentine Government that I was an accomplice in embezzling four square leagues of prairie from the national estate. Let me hasten to say, before I go further, that I have never owned personally a square inch of that land. My participation in this *negocio de tierras*, or land business, was gratuitous, boyish, and unconscious. Let me relate the incident without literary adornment, as if I were writing an affidavit.

I was very young. I had worked as barkeeper in *pulpería* after *pulpería*, serving liquor to the Gauchos. I had seen hundreds of fights where these brave fellows flourished their long knives. They did not seek to slay their adversaries, but merely to slash their faces, leaving a *chirlo* or scar as evidence of their skill and intrepidity with the *facón*. Contrary to the German student, who takes great pride in a scarred face, the Gaucho's reputation depends on carving another's countenance. It is no badge of honor in Argentina to carry the mark of an opponent's knife. A man who does so is branded for all time as the inferior of his antagonist. Among the cowboys of the pampas a scar is a mark of defeat, a source of enduring humiliation. A man who wears one can never pretend to high honor among his fellows; he cannot 'spread his legs,' — *hacer la pata ancha*, — as they say.

These exciting passages at arms were welcome interludes in the dreadful tedium of service behind the bar. I often managed, by some stratagem, to

provoke them, in order to enjoy the spectacle — the viciously clinking knives, the angry shouts, the whirling ponchos, the breaking of glasses and bottles. In fact, during my brief commercial career I indirectly made a good deal of business for the glass-makers.

But when these affrays were over and the Gauchos had dispersed to their estancias, some scarred and humiliated, others unscratched and boastful, deadly monotony would settle like an asphyxiating gas over the establishment. We never heard the slightest echo of news from the outside world. A sort of vacuous, mental stupor would seize me. The iron grating that surrounded the bar to defend the drink-dispenser against his obstreperous clients, after gin, rum, and *grappa* had flowed too freely, seemed like a steel cage set out in the vast spaces of the prairies. At such times I envied the liberty of the plovers and kites that flew over the *pulpería*, of the nighthawks, owls, and other nocturnal birds that perched in slumber on the mimosa posts of the interminable wire-fences, waiting for dusk to hunt their prey. I would gaze enviously between the bars of the grating at the great vultures circling around some carrion find in the distant desert, at the wild colts that only death would tame, at the bright-plumaged waterfowl that swept over in clouds to the reedy waters of the distant lagoon. Unable to change my condition for that of these happy rovers of the air, the water, the land, and the shadows, my thoughts turned to a cowboy's career.

The nomadic Gaucho, with his care-free, open-air life, seemed to me to enjoy a far happier lot than mine.

So I left the pulperia and became a Gaucho. With my small savings I bought a horse and some cheap Gaucho trappings, with tin instead of silver ornaments on the bridle and stirrups.

A few days later found me at Pampa Central, which at that time was almost uninhabited. Two Basques, one from the French and the other from the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, but both long residents of Argentina, were homesteading an estate, and engaged me to look after a bunch of mares.

As I learned later, these two Basques were expert homesteaders. The Government, believing in the doctrine that to govern is to populate, was granting great tracts of land to actual settlers, under certain conditions: they must stock the land with a certain number of animals; they must erect houses; they must dig wells — in a word, they must develop an estancia. When the homesteader declared that he had fulfilled all these conditions, the Public Land Bureau sent an inspector to determine whether he had fully complied with the law. If his report was favorable, the Government gave the homesteader a deed to the land. It is needless to say that fake homesteading was very common, and that many shrewd tricks were resorted to, to secure the coveted titles.

The homesteading outfit where I was employed consisted of the two Basques who hired me and a youngster my own age, called Pachi, a diminutive of a diminutive, Pachicu, which is a Basque version of Francisco. Except for us four, there was not a soul living within forty leagues. Pachi shepherded a flock of shaggy, scrawny, half-wild desert sheep. Indeed, they were so lean and agile that they might easily have been mistaken for llamas. They grazed on a dusty plain broken by sand dunes,

that the *pampero*, or fierce prairie-wind, constantly shifted from place to place. Not a drop of water had fallen from the metallic, cloudless heavens since Noah's day.

Such was this part of Pampa Central at the date I mention. To-day its green clover meadows and alfalfa fields make it a veritable Arcadia. Some years after the time I am describing, Italian farmers moved in, discovered artesian water, and soon increased the value of their land from one peso to three hundred pesos a hectare.

The four square leagues of the homestead were enclosed, after the custom of the country, by a wire fence five strands high. Cross fences of the same material subdivided the tract into four equal parts. In the centre of each the homesteaders had built a miserable hut. The walls consisted of poles, reeds, straw, and dry brambles. The roof was made of old galvanized iron, rusty, dented, and eaten through with holes during its long service in previous homesteading enterprises. In fact, these huts were so carelessly constructed that the most shiftless ground-bird's nest would put them to shame.

The best — or rather the least worst — of these was occupied by the bosses, one of whom lived in it permanently, and the other during intervals between frequent journeys to Buenos Aires to see the third partner in the undertaking. That gentleman was a doctor, of whom we heard much, but whom we never saw. We only knew that the Doctor was very busy homesteading down in the city — at the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Public Lands. The old Basque, from the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, would report when he came back from Buenos Aires: 'Our papers are going through, because the Doc's on the job.' Pachi and I listened and grinned in half-comprehending silence.

There were several wells on the ranch, but all were dry except the one nearest the hut where the bosses lived. Pachi and I used to carry such water as we used from this well down to our hut a league away. The lean mares and scrawny sheep, hardened to hunger and thirst, got a drink now and then at a foul, muddy pool supplied by an old crippled windmill, whose broken vanes made one suspect it was the identical mill against which Don Quixote tilted so valiantly. Every now and then a wild pampero would wrench one of these vanes away and carry it off in a dense cloud of sand and pebbles; or it would bombard the old mill with these missiles until its metal rang with the rhythm of an aerial orchestra.

The mares in my charge were as inured to the desert as Arabian camels; but the poor sheep did not stand their hardships so well. Pachi was always telling me of some fatality in his flock, due to the twin enemies of thirst and mange. Consequently there was always carrion enough to feed the vultures that circled above us, scrutinizing with sardonic interest our homestead labors. Our Eden was never graced with fluffy, gamboling lambs. Nature was too stern to tolerate the multiplication of our flock.

Pachi and I lived in the same hut, with our saddle pads for pillows, the sand for our mattress, and our ponchos for coverlets. True pioneers that we were, we enjoyed no such comforts and refinements as a bed and sheets. At night the wild prairie-winds would make our fragile shelter creak and groan like a tiny bark adrift on a stormy ocean. The wind would whistle between the poles and reeds of the wall, covering our faces with fragments of straw and dirt. The galvanized-iron sheets on the roof would rattle and pound until we felt as if we were sleeping in a boiler shop. The whole place

would clang and clatter and groan and shriek and whistle like a mad caricature of a Wagnerian Symphony. Occasionally a sheet of iron would blow off the roof, leaving us looking up at the starry heavens. We would sally forth in the darkness to retrieve it, and cling desperately to the posts and poles when we replaced it, lest we be carried away ourselves.

It was not much work to look after the fifty half-wild mares and two hundred half-starved sheep that constituted the whole stock of the ranch. They, like ourselves, skirmished for a living as best they could in perfect liberty. Pachi and I spent most of our time snaring *martinetas*, the big pampa-grouse, which we would cook and eat with the ancient hardtack that formed our regular ration. So we accommodated ourselves to our rough life with the adaptability of boys, and thought we were living like kings in our tin-roofed, brushwood shelter.

One evening just at dusk our Franco-Basque boss called us to his cabin and said, 'To-morrow Don Ignacio (the Spanish Basque partner) will arrive from Buenos Aires, with another gentleman, who plans to inspect the estate and see what we are doing. You must look sharp and not play the fool.'

'We're no fools,' I answered with surly resentment.

'Shut up, or I'll land you one. Now listen. To-morrow, bright and early, you have the cattle and sheep and mares over here at the "ranch headquarters" for the inspector, the young dude from Buenos Aires. See? Then you make lively tracks with them to the next block, and then across to the next one, and last of all to the other corner. Don Ignacio and I will take the inspector over by the road outside the line fence. We'll go very slow and make some detours, to give you time. Do you understand? You'll have to

get a move on you. There'll be no time to snare grouse to-morrow. If you fail, you'll dance for it. I'll pack you off to Patagonia, and you'll never get back here. Another thing. You take your sheep and mares to the highest point in each lot, so that the inspector can see them from down where he is, without noticing they're the same ones, but you yourselves keep out of sight. Don't botch it or I'll cut your throats, both of you. Thunder and lightning! I'm trying to make men of you, and you're good for nothing. Do you understand?'

'I know how it's done already,' said Pachi, who had been in the employ of the Basques during a previous homesteading.

'Then this fellow,' turning to me, 'can just follow you. Now to your cabin, and back here at dawn. Off with you.'

I never heard this boss utter a gentle or a pleasant word. These land-stealers were almost without exception hard-fisted, selfish fellows, without a grain of kindness and consideration in their make-up.

Everything went off finely. The inspector saw the mares and sheep, and even praised their excellent condition. He said he found everything just as it had been reported to him at the Land Office by the Doctor—whose only knowledge of our place was obtained from a map pinned up in his office in Buenos Aires.

While the Basque homesteaders and the inspector were having a little barbecue at the principal hut,—the Franco-Basque was an excellent cook,—Pachi and I drove the mares and sheep to another lot three miles away, and so on in succession. From outside the line fence the Basques pointed out to the inspector the same animals in four different places. Either the inspector was actually deceived or he let

himself seem to be so. Later, when I knew more of the world, I concluded that the Doctor had 'fixed' him before he came. In any case, Pachi and I performed our homesteading duties to perfection. Our two hundred sheep became eight hundred, in spite of the fact that they were half starved, and my fifty mares became two hundred. This miracle, performed in the inspector's report, almost rivaled that of the loaves and fishes. I must not forget to give honorable mention to our half-wild animals, which made the nine-league journey with the celerity and promptness of expert homesteaders. The beasts seemed to think that if they could not multiply at least they could be in four places at once.

A few weeks later Pachi and I heard the Basques discussing a letter from the Doctor. It said that the deed had been finally issued and registered. Our homesteaders were delighted. Now they were proprietors of four square leagues of land. Some day the railway and the Italian farmer would arrive, and it would be worth a fortune.

A month after receiving their deed our employers shifted the mares and sheep to another four-league tract in the same vicinity, leaving their former homestead without a single head of stock upon it, or any remnant of development except a few bleaching skeletons, for we also took with us the zinc roofs, the corner posts, and the other larger timbers of our palatial residences.

Thirty years passed. I was just leaving Buenos Aires for my last trip to Europe when I received an affectionate and welcome telegram from Pampa Central. It was signed by Don Francisco Zorraquieta,—my old companion, Pachi,—who has an estancia there of ten square leagues, where he grazes ten thousand head of cattle. I was de-

lighted at his good fortune. Of us two young adventurers, he drew the bigger prize.

Since then I have met in Biarritz two nephews of the Franco-Basque who was our old boss. They were playing heavily at baccarat. They had a forty-horsepower automobile, which was better supplied with gasoline than their uncle's mares had been supplied with

pasture, and were accompanied by two flashy girls from Paris. . . . In America the horse of the Basque has marked the way for the locomotive of the Englishman. And with all its defects this system of settlement has created, within a short forty years, our great Argentina, already a beautiful reality, and a promise of incalculably grander things in the future.

MANCHURIA AFTER THIRTY YEARS

BY 'ESSON THIRD'

From the *North China Herald*, August 11
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

ONE of the most marked impressions of my life was made by a trip through Manchuria thirty-two years ago — the lumbering carts, the indescribably bad roads, and the lean, imperious mules. All the way from Antung to Mukden was a highway of protruding rocks, quagmires, and swimming mud-flats. I think of the journey now as a wild struggle with primeval nature. It had something of the air and atmosphere of a modern cubist picture, where men look like tree stumps and horses like old camel-hair furniture.

The inns, too, were of a flavor quite their own. We, who sat on the kang, floated in an 'inarticulate element' of acrid smoke, while down on the hard level of the ground floor lived the inn-keeper, his dogs, his pigs, his chickens. Mingling with the general confusion was to be seen here and there a guest leaning on his elbow, engaged in rolling a wad of opium that he kneaded and kneaded, dipping it occasionally into the flame of a lamp hard by. After

an endless amount of preparatory work he put it on the flat bowl of his pipe and drew, as for dear life, through a large bamboo stem, enormous whiffs that went deep down into the lungs and then lazily exhaled themselves from eyes, ears, and chin.

Whither had the weird soul of the smoker wended, I wondered. Did his face indicate anything of the world he was seeing? Were his dreams of fat pork, most unpalatable; johnnycake unsalted and unseasoned; a fiery kang papered by insect proboscides; or was he in heaven with the Western Queen Mother, drinking nectar by the Lake of Gems, or tossing peaches and apricots into the cap of the fairies?

That journey I shall never forget. Pigtailed were everywhere; 5,000,000 strong, each two and a half feet in length, making in all, if joined together, 3000 miles of comet sweep across Manchuria. Gone, alas, they are with the might of Russia, Germany, and all other imperial trappings.

One of the first disappointments after thirty years is the absence of this tail. The Chinaman's soul, I notice, still wears it, though his head, aping the West, has cut it off. Externally a whole imitation world has come about. Soldiers, waltzing about with fixed bayonet and ball cartridge, grin at you. Students, bursting with the lore of Western sages, are out to talk philosophy or do politics. This, however, is merely of the surface, for the real soul inside is still of pure Chinese stock, as those of the fathers were, though not so well balanced, not so religious, and by no means so cultured.

Wild Western catchwords and windy vaporings have wrought much evil, and yet they have not had all their own way in Manchuria, for behind the grill sits H. E. Chang Tsolin. Certain modern nonsense he will no more put up with than did Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, who on occasion roasted men in the fire. The so-called student class of Manchuria is reasonably quiet. It waits at table till its fathers are served, and stands while they discourse on things in general. Manchuria, therefore, enjoys a considerable measure of peace. Boycotts fail to flourish, and hung hu tzüs accept a word of warning when it comes from the Commander-in-Chief. The pigtail may be gone, but the soul is still Chinese and the hearing of the ear is as it used to be, to old-fashioned words of high command.

Thirty years ago there was in vogue a theory that if you but once showed a Chinaman a method and manner superior to his own he would eagerly catch at it and with tears in his eyes gratefully acknowledge your kind assistance. I can now assure the gentle reader that this is not so. Certain light externals he may have taken to, but, as for the foundations of society on which civilization rests, he is as

oblivious of them to-day as ever he was.

For example, never was there a time in his history when he so rejoiced in bog, quagmire, and impassable road as he does in this year of grace 1923. While the Japanese at his elbow moves with clean-cut precision along a well-paved Roman highway, the Chinese mule and horse are up against it as they were in the days of Yao and Shun. Plied with biting whip and envenomed tongue, they labor on and die. The writer took occasion one fair morning to count them. Ten carts and teams he found all in a heap, bemired over the axles and up to the ears. What a mess!

This was but one of many, for on all the roads and crossways every variety of entangled wheel and horse gear was evident, a whole generation of Chinamen looking on or howling their fill to no effect. Near by, the solid streets and well-ordered pavements of the Japanese settlement might as well have not existed, so far as their example was concerned. The Chinaman beholds with envious eye the glittering gewgaws of the West and takes to them as a duck takes to water—gold watch, finger ring, fountain pen, goggle glasses; but for good roads he has no more stomach now than he had in the days of Tut-ankhamen.

His home life, too, as I glimpse it through the Manchurian ragged window, is fearsome. No wonder he takes to drink, to Mah Jong, and to opium. Anything that will cause him to forget his desolation ought surely to be welcomed. Evidently he has no mind for Western home life—a bed to rest on, a comfortable chair to be seated in, a clean well-ordered room, a wife with favorable eye, soft voice, and engaging manner; while at the same time his very soul tingles at the thought of

labor unions, woman suffrage, power of the press, glorious republic, votes, office, and emoluments. Could this harebrained generation turn wise enough to drop Western make-believes and give honest thought to public service of a practical order, it might rise to something.

When I last visited Manchuria, Russia was a name to conjure with. The might of all worldly empires lived just beyond the northern border. One growl from the Russian's bristling throat made the whole world tremble. Who did not fear him? To-day, trampled in the mire, we see his poor remnants scattered over Manchuria. Kicked and cuffed by those who were once 'only Chinese'; set upon to do the lowest coolie work; reduced by want to rags and wretchedness, he surely is a spectacle for men and angels as he treads in long boots and short blouse, this lowest ring of the Slav's inferno.

How Japan used to fear the Russian; how Korea hoped on him; how Manchuria trembled 'neath his knout! But he is gone, and in his place is the wild woolly creature called the Bolshevik, too evil for words, too ignorant to tutor even a band of Buriats; too miserably poor to wage any war but windy propaganda — a hobgoblin who has converted what was once great Russia into a witches' cauldron. This is all that is left as far as Manchuria can see. Russia, once a great fear, is

now removed, but other fears assuredly will come.

I cannot leave Manchuria without a closing word. We are in the age of rapid transportation — special train service, fast ocean liner, air flight, and what not. These have set the whole world a-moving. The Chinaman, too, not to be behind the times, has also dreamed of motion. He no doubt feels himself well abreast of the age spinning along through space in a way highly satisfactory.

In answer to his flights of imagination come all the discarded droshkies of Russia, from the first one built by Peter the Great, horse, harness, and wheel of a most ancient and honorable pattern, down to the poor waifs and strays cast adrift in the streets of Harbin. By rag and string and bits of wire they hold together, till now they are Manchuria's special means of rapid transit. Doubtless the Mandarin who rides reckes not of their present need of paint or new varnish, or even a healthy fresh skin for his horse. He forgets all these in the swelling of his soul to think: 'It may be that these are the very steeds once driven by Ivan the Terrible; this the identical vehicle once ridden by Queen Catherine herself; this the brougham once in the service of the Tsar Nicholas' — all of which glory he feels now has crossed the border and is his, the father of kings, the rightful owner, the destined race to come.

NEW ZEALAND PEAKS AND PASSES

BY JULIAN GRANDE, F.R.G.S.

[The author is a traveler, lecturer, and mountain-climber, among whose books the Bernese Oberland in Summer and Winter is probably the most familiar to Americans.]

From the *Daily Telegraph*, August 27 and 30
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

CHARLES DARWIN, on leaving New Zealand in *The Beagle* on December 30, 1835, wrote: 'In the evening we stood out of the bay of islands on our course to Sydney. I believe we were all glad to leave New Zealand. It is not a pleasant place. . . . Neither is the country itself attractive. I look back to one bright spot, and that is Waimate, with its Christian inhabitants.'

Now, if Darwin had been with me during the last few months in New Zealand, and had seen what this Dominion has attained during the last eighty years, he would not only have withdrawn his indictment of that most wonderful country, but would have agreed with me that New Zealand is one of the finest gems of the British Empire. The surface of the country is now covered with beautiful towns and villages. The cities are built in splendid style. Their squares and streets are laid out with artistic taste, and every city has its cathedral and churches, its colleges and schools, its museum and library and art gallery. And the whole country, north or south, possesses beauties which no other land of its size can display. Whether it be among the hot springs and lakes of the North Island, or among the Alps in the South Island, with their glaciers, peaks, and passes, the country is full of a varied beauty.

Its glaciers, such as the Tasman and

Franz Josef, are more imposing than any of the Swiss, French, or Italian glaciers. True, the highest peak in New Zealand does not attain more than 12,350 feet, but whereas the glaciers in Switzerland or France or Italy begin at about 5000 or 6000 feet above sea level, in New Zealand they come down to about 600 feet from sea level. Ascending a peak of 12,000 feet in New Zealand means actual climbing, whereas in the case of Monte Rosa, which is about 15,000 feet, the actual climbing is only about 5000 feet, for the train takes the climber up to Zermatt—about 6000 feet—then the Gornergrat railway takes him up another 4000 feet.

I shall never forget standing on the terminal face of the Franz Josef glacier, watching the waves of the Tasman Sea, and literally breathing the sea air. Moreover, people who have not studied the wonders of New Zealand can hardly realize that at the foot of these glaciers, literally between the sea and the ice, there are natural hot springs, and not only springs but little boiling lakes. They do not cover a very large area, like the springs of the North Island, but they begin at the foot of the Franz Josef glacier, which is only a few hundred feet above sea level, and are to be found almost all along the coast, especially as one crosses the Copland Pass, where one little boiling lake is at a height of about 4000 feet, in the very heart of the glaciers.

Climbing in New Zealand is so different from climbing in Europe that one who, like myself, has ascended most of the mountains and peaks of the Swiss and French Alps feels that in New Zealand he is rather exploring than mountaineering. To reach the climbing-centres in New Zealand from the nearest railway station on the east side takes at least one day by motor-car, while on the west side, two days' motoring from Christchurch are required to reach the nearest climbing-centre — for instance, the Waiho gorge, at the foot of the Franz Josef glacier.

Except in the Rockies of Canada, the Caucasus, and the Himalayan range, there is, perhaps, no greater field for exploration than the New Zealand Alps. Here there are still numerous peaks and passes that have not been trodden by foot of man or woman. And even those mountains that have been already climbed have, happily, not been exploited like those in Europe.

Especially in the South Island there is greater need of the explorer with some knowledge of botany and geology than of the average tourist. Most particularly is this true of the districts around Mount Cook, on the east side of the Alps, as well as on the west coast, along the shore of the Tasman Sea. Many of the glaciers and passes have either not been explored at all or only half so. Some of the most difficult peaks have never been climbed, and of those that have, as a rule only one, two, or three ascents have been made.

A great deal has been written by scientists about the wonderful glaciers, notably about the Franz Josef and Fox glaciers, which are hardly known except to a small minority of New Zealanders. It was in February last that I was brought face to face with the most wonderful phenomena in the glacier world. Standing almost on the very beach of the Tasman Sea, I saw

the great Franz Josef and Fox glaciers, the latter eighteen miles long, coming down within four miles of the shore, while between the sea and the ice there was a virgin bush with a wealth of fern and the most charming vegetation, reaching almost to the very ice-fall of the glacier. Never have I seen fern in such lavish profusion; and to add to this spectacle I found a hot spring bubbling merrily from the ground, where a hot bath could be had without any hindrance, and without the necessity of putting on a bathing-costume, or having a tent to undress in; for, except some of the beautiful New Zealand birds, hardly any other living creature is to be seen. I should not omit to say that the paternal Government of New Zealand has erected a comfortable bathroom near the glacier, to which the water from the hot spring is conveyed by pipes.

I was told that the Franz Josef glacier advanced before the war during a period of six years, in which time it moved toward the sea about fifty chains and raised itself to a height of about 200 feet. In fact, the glacier worked itself up right into the vegetation on the mountain-side, and in doing so tore away and uprooted numerous trees. Of late, however, it has begun to recede again at the rate of about one foot per day.

In some ways the terminal face of the Franz Josef resembles that of the Upper Grindelwald glacier, but otherwise it is unlike any other glacier in either the French or the Swiss Alps.

The only hotel, or accommodation-house, as it is sometimes called, near the Franz Josef glacier belongs to Mr. Peter Graham, the leading guide in New Zealand. I was fortunate in obtaining his services for a few ascents. After nearly twenty-five years' experience with Swiss and Italian guides, it was quite a treat to have a Britisher

to accompany me. Later on, I had to take a second guide, Mr. Frank Milne, and it is a great pleasure to be able to say that these two New Zealand guides have nothing to learn from either Swiss, French, or Italian guides.

The first high ascent I made in company with Peter Graham and another New Zealander was from west to east, from Waiho Gorge, via Franz Josef glacier. It was on February 28, at 9.30 A.M., that we left for what is known as the Defiance Hut, built by the New Zealand Government, and situated on the right-hand side, above and five hours' distance from the foot of the glacier.

To traverse the Franz Josef glacier simply means finding one's way through a mass of *séracs* and ice pinnacles, and in parts the glacier looks more like icebergs glittering under the shining sun.

While every nerve is excited and every muscle exercised in getting around these *séracs* or climbing some of the ice pinnacles, the sound of the breakers on the beach is constantly in one's ears, and one is breathing the pure sea air. In fact, climbing in New Zealand is an experience with which that in no other country can compare. The New Zealand glaciers seem to stand out in solitary splendor like great rivers of ice flowing in a valley between thickly wooded hills, the bush and ferns growing almost on to the clear ice. Moreover, the Tasman and the Franz Josef, as well as the Fox glaciers, have practically no moraine at all, and the climber steps off vegetation on to the clear ice. I repeat that the glaciers in New Zealand are in some ways far more beautiful and more wonderful than any of those in Europe.

It was not till 6.30 P.M. that we reached a spot known as Almer Bivouac. Originally it was our intention

to cross what is known as the Graham Saddle, a snow pass leading to the Mount Cook district and the Hermitage, a government hotel built for tourists. But on the following morning, March 4, when we left the bivouac at 6.15, and the entire panorama of the range was visible, I inquired of my guide, Peter Graham, about the various peaks and passes in front of us. After pointing in the direction of the pass—the Graham Saddle—which we intended to take, I indicated a certain pass on the left, and asked him why we could not take it. He replied, 'This pass has never been done.'

'Do you think we could do it?' I inquired. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but it might mean a good deal of step-cutting.' 'How many hours?' I asked. 'Well, perhaps three to five.'

I explained to my guide that unfortunately I could not promise to relieve him even for an hour in step-cutting, as I was then not physically quite fit, the more especially as I had just before been six weeks at sea between Southampton and New Zealand. My guide assured me, however, that he was willing to go ahead, provided I thought we could do it. I replied, 'Yes, we can do it,' and at one P.M. we reached the summit of the pass, at the foot of what are known as the Minarets, two snowy peaks looking like two sugar-loaves.

The couloir leading to the summit of the saddle or pass was badly glazed, and it took my guide two hours of continual step-cutting, but otherwise the ascent was not as difficult as we anticipated. I asked him, 'What is the name of this pass?' and he replied, 'Up to this it has had no name, but now it is called the Grande Pass.'

We climbed the two Minarets, as well as a third peak in the neighborhood, known as de la Bèche. These three peaks had, of course, been

climbed before; they are not very difficult or dangerous ones, but to reach the foot of them means at least two days from the nearest hut and at least one night sleeping under some rock before they can be climbed.

Looking from the summit of the de la Bèche, I saw a peak which looked as if it were the Great Schreckhorn, in the Bernese Oberland, placed on the range of the New Zealand Alps which divides the east from the west of the South Island. I asked my guide what that particular mountain was called. He told me that it was the Triad. 'Has it ever been climbed?' I asked. 'No,' said he, 'it is thought too difficult.' 'Would you climb it with me if I took Frank Milne as second guide?' 'I'd climb anything with you, Mr. Grande,' he replied. I would have said, 'I'd climb anything with you, too,' but the compliment, coming from such a great guide, took me a bit unawares.

We reached the east side of the range, and spent another night in what is known as the Malte-Brun hut, also the property of the New Zealand Government; and the following day, March 2, we reached the Hermitage, a comfortable but rather barracks-like structure. Up to a year ago the Government had managed this hotel, but as they never succeeded in making it pay, they have let it now to private people, who I believe are making it pay, and pay well. At the Hermitage there were about sixty or seventy tourists, all New Zealanders, a few Australians, and two or three Americans. I was the only visitor from 'Home,' as the New Zealanders always call the United Kingdom. I was told that there was one well-known member of the English Alpine Club there before I arrived, and he had such bad weather that he left for home without having done any climbing at all. Last summer in New Zealand, which

means of course last winter here, was a very bad one as far as climbing weather was concerned.

After two days' and two nights' rest at the Hermitage, accompanied now by Frank Milne, we left the hotel on Sunday, March 4, practically by the same route as we came; but, instead of going over the new pass which we made the previous Thursday, we spent the first night at what is known as the Ball Hut, and on Monday, March 5, at 4.30 A.M., we crossed the Graham Saddle and reached the Almer Bivouac at 6.30 P.M. During the day both my guides and myself tried to take stock of the Triad range. The weather promised well, and the only question to decide was which side we were to take the next day, the north or the south. The east face of the peak was out of the question, and the west face was too dangerous, owing to falling stones.

The weather on Tuesday, March 6, was very fine, but the cold intense. We did not leave our bivouac till six A.M., and it took us only three hours to reach the foot of the highest peak. Here the rocks, we found, were in fairly good condition, but there had been a fresh fall of snow a week previously, and great care was necessary, as there was a continual movement of small and large avalanches.

My two guides and myself agreed simultaneously on one particular route to take, so as to reach the *arête* of the peak, but when we arrived there we discovered it was one long frozen cornice; in parts the ice was so sharp that it had to be cut away before any advance was possible. Here the greatness of Graham as a guide was seen at its full height. The neighboring peaks resounded to his ice-axe, and his steps were as sure as any steps which the famous Melchior Anderegg or Christian Almer ever cut.

We reached the highest summit of the Triad range at two P.M. I had with me a full-page photograph, which appeared in the *Sphere* (London), in March 1911, of Miss Constance Barnicoat, a New Zealander, showing her climbing the Great Schreckhorn on Jan. 28, 1911. I now named this highest peak of the Triad Barnicoat Peak. My guides placed the picture in an empty tin box, with a note recording our ascent, and left it there.

Although the height of Peak Barnicoat is 3000 feet lower than the Great Schreckhorn, the actual climbing takes three days, with two full days of nothing but ice- and snow-work. As the peak is situated at a great divide of the range between east and west, the view from the summit is one vast glorious prospect, the whole range of the Southern Alps being clearly visible, while the open sea to the west, as well as to the east, could be seen with the

naked eye for anything between fifty and one hundred miles, especially the Tasman Sea on the west side. I have watched views from such well-known peaks as the Weisshorn, the Matterhorn, the Upper Gabelhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Great Schreckhorn, the Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, and others, but, without wishing to detract from any of these peaks, I am bound to state that the view from Peak Barnicoat in the New Zealand Alps excels all the others mentioned.

The naming of this virgin peak after my late wife received the cordial approval of the New Zealand Government. When I returned to the valley I found a telegram from Massey, the Prime Minister, saying that the Surveyor-General had been instructed to carry out the decision, so that in the next Ordinance Survey Map of New Zealand Peak Barnicoat will appear.

MR. RACKETT RECANTS

BY R. HOWARD SPRING

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 30
(ENGLISH RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

I

'WHEN I was a boy,' Mr. Rackett began, and Mrs. Rackett knew then that it was of no use to argue the matter any further. It had been made abundantly clear to her times without number that what was good enough for Mr. Rackett when he was a boy was good enough for any boy then existing or likely to exist between that moment and the final annihilation of matter.

Therefore Mrs. Rackett sighed in her acquiescent way and said: 'Very well then, William.'

But William Rackett was not to be deflected from delivering the homily that was boiling over on his tongue. The members of the Blacktown City Council knew well enough that once Bill Rackett was on his feet he was good for every second of time allowed

him by the standing orders. Now that he was Lord Mayor one of the severest of his trials was that he had not such opportunities to talk in the council chamber, but he found compensation in innumerable occasions for talk outside.

'When I was a boy,' he went on doggedly, 'there was less rubbish talked about education. What education d'you think I ever 'ad? I 'ad to be at work at six in the morning, and I 've done all right, 'ave n't I?'

The Lady Mayoress of Blacktown looked round her too comfortable parlor. 'Yes,' she said, 'in a way you have, William.'

Rackett snorted angrily. 'In a way! In what way d'you mean a man to get on? 'Ave n't you got a motor-car? Don't you go to the Continent for your 'olidays? 'Ave n't you got all this?' He waved his hand comprehendingly round the downy room. 'Coomfort!'

'Yes, comfort,' Mrs. Rackett said. 'But you see, William, John's got all this comfort and he does n't have to work as you did. If he went to a good school he would n't be half so comfortable and he'd have to work.'

'It's no good, mother,' Rackett said obstinately. 'John's fourteen, and he's old enough to come into the ware'ouse and begin to learn things. 'E's already 'ad a darned sight more education than I ever 'ad. What good's education going to do 'im in the ware'ouse?'

'George Appleton's boy has been sent off to school,' the Lady Mayoress persisted.

'George Appleton! D'you think 'e's ever likely to be Lord Mayor?'

And Rackett rang for the small brown jug of hot water that always appeared at this time of the evening. He reached down the whiskey, and Mrs. Rackett went to bed, leaving him to his meditations. 'You give over your foolishness, mother,' he said, as she was closing the door.

II

In Blacktown there is a school that was founded in the early seventeenth century, when Blacktown was undreamed of. A great public meeting in celebration of the tercentenary was to be held next day. Rackett was to preside, and now, in carpet slippers, he set his mind to consider the things he would say. He found it difficult. If it had been the opening of a new dock, now, or even the unveiling of a war memorial. But all this education — it was a plaguy business. And that Lord Mayor's clerk. What a fool the man was! Rackett had asked him to put a few ideas together on the subject, but he seemed to know nothing except his own job.

Rackett had not been Lord Mayor very long, and he was a little disturbed at finding himself faced already with a situation which he could not resolutely tackle and master. He did n't get on at all well with the preparation of his speech, and at last he went to bed feeling vaguely uneasy. 'I wish she would n't plague me about things she don't understand. Puts me off my balance,' he grumbled into the dregs of his whiskey.

His uneasiness was not lessened the next day. No inspiration had come to him concerning the right way to deal with the situation. He sat on the platform, a small, bald man, with spectacles hardly finding support on a bridgeless nose. A great weight of official chain hung round his neck. He was the centre of a row of notables: two vice-chancellors of universities, a bishop, two deans, a distinguished astronomer, the head master of the school, and a novelist of repute who was an 'old boy.' Rows and rows of boys, who cheered everything tumultuously, sat in the gallery; rows and rows of parents sat in the body of the hall.

Mr. Rackett's rising was the signal for a great cheering. He resolved to keep on safe ground. 'My duty 'ere to-day,' he began, 'is simply to welcome our distinguished visitors to the city of which I am the first citizen —' And then, to be in tone with the occasion, he added after a pause, '*pro tem*. It would ill become me to stand between you and them, and yet —'

Who on the Blacktown City Council did not know William Rackett's 'and yet —'! He himself, as soon as the fatal words were spoken, realized that he had plunged beyond recall. 'And yet,' he went on, 'perhaps one or two words from me might not be amiss.' ('*Hear, hear,*' from a dean) 'Vocational training, now,' said Mr. Rackett, and a vice-chancellor began to wag his ears. 'The right man for the right job. Catch 'im young, and train 'im from the beginning. Pour 'im into the mould while 'is brain is soft and let it 'arden there. . . .'

Mr. Rackett wandered deeper and deeper into the heart of a profound silence. The taunts and jeers of his fellows on the Council he understood and could answer; but this silence shook his nerve. Such a silence as this in face of one's recital on the Judgment Day would be more than unfortunate. The boys alone saved him; they cheered rapturously when he sat down.

He called upon the bishop and several other speakers, and was beginning to think he was well out of a difficult position. All the formal business at last was over; and then the vice-chancellor, whose ears had wagged, rose and said in a very quiet voice: 'I don't think we ought to separate without passing a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for having presided over us to-day. His Lordship is a very busy man. It is obvious to all of us that

he has little time for affairs of this sort.'

The distinguished astronomer said, 'Hear, hear!' in a tone which made Mr. Rackett uncomfortable, and it was gradually conveyed to his somewhat dense and callous comprehension that the vice-chancellor's meaning was not all on the surface. The calm voice was going on and on, and Mr. Rackett at last perceived clearly that he was being skinned alive. It was none of your city-council broadsword bouts; it was a piece of intellectual surgery that made him wince all over. He felt absolutely naked before all eyes, and yet there was n't a word he could take objection to or a word he could answer back.

III

He was very touchy at home that evening. He was thinking it out, and the idea of the terrible but intangible weapon which the vice-chancellor had wielded made him again and again go hot all over. How on earth was it done? Did this plaguy education help a man to do a thing like that? 'By gum,' he said to himself, 'if only I could do that I'd give 'em 'ell on t' Council!'

When the little brown jug came in Mrs. Rackett rose as usual to retire. 'Mother,' he said, as she was going, 'find out what school George Appleton's boy's gone to.'

'Why?' she asked.

'Because I want our John to go to a better one.'

And it was characteristic of Rackett that after this, when she was gone, he cheered up immensely and amused himself with visions, not of John in cold scholastic isolation, but of John a Lord Mayor of Blacktown in his turn, furnished with a scathing weapon, 'givin' 'em 'ell on t' Council.'

OLD INSTRUMENTS FOR NEW

BY H. W. WORTHAM

From the *Morning Post*, August 8
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

EVERY age likes to think that its taste is better than that of the one which preceded it. If the Victorians were sure of their superiority, we are not less certain of ours. Particularly is this the case in music. Every time we use that over-worked expression, a musical renaissance, we in effect are saying what fine fellows we are and what poor creatures our fathers were by comparison. Our excuse must be that they in their time did the same.

'Finally, form your playing on the good taste of to-day, which is without comparison purer than formerly.' Thus wrote Couperin. Thus would not write Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. Spend an afternoon with him and his gifted family at Haslemere, where they pass, in an attractive simplicity that dispenses with domestic servants, a happy life making and playing upon old instruments, and you will say that no musician has been so near the realization of his ideals since Bach.

The various members of the family play all sorts of instruments without ever having had the bother of learning them. All can play the viols. Rudolph, the elder son, a dark-eyed, handsome boy of fifteen, is a skilled performer on harpsichord, viola da gamba, and on the recorder. Mr. Dolmetsch himself has mastered nearly every old instrument, including the difficult lute.

He is the quietest of propagandists. But a man with strong views must necessarily impress them on those around him. Thus when you find yourself in a circle which is quite sure

that John Sebastian Bach was the last great musician, which, although it is always making music, hardly ever plays Mozart, Beethoven, or any nineteenth-century composer, because it does not care about their music, and which unaffectedly sympathizes with you when you explain that you have to catch an early train back to London in order to listen to *Tristan* — your own standard of musical values becomes shaken.

Mr. Dolmetsch — I trust I am not doing him an injustice — believes that music is not what it was, because modern instruments have destroyed the aural sensitiveness of two hundred years ago. Perhaps I am confusing cause and effect. It may be composers demanded louder instruments to hide the poverty of their thought. Certainly the movement to obtain more tone has been universal. We know how the piano has displaced the harpsichord. Mr. Dolmetsch will show you some old violins in his workroom. He will point out how even the work of Stradivarius has been altered to suit modern tastes, how the original bass bar has been replaced by one stronger and longer, how the finger-board has been prolonged to enable the player to reach extreme notes, how the bridge has been raised and its curve increased, so that the bow can press harder on one string without fear of touching the next.

Such changes and the lengthening of the bow have all been made to gain greater tone. But everything must be

paid for. And Mr. Dolmetsch will play a Bach or a Purcell sonata to prove that the violin, in becoming less assertive, has regained the sweetness which was its chief charm. Before he does so he will let you see how beautifully he has restored the old fiddle to its original condition.

For the moment Rudolph, his harpsichordist, cannot be found. Mrs. Dolmetsch is appealed to, and remembers that he is giving a lesson on the viola da gamba. Let the lesson be interrupted; the pupil can come too.

'We have no strict rules or hours in this house,' Mr. Dolmetsch explains. 'We play music when we feel like it. We work when we want to, and stop for the same reason. Last night at ten I had to turn my fellow workers out of the workshop and send them home. And sometimes we cease work on clavichords, harpsichords, and the rest, and cultivate the garden.'

Then Rudolph appears, and Mr. Dolmetsch and his son play us Bach, Handel, and Purcell, most of it from memory and all with the complete simplicity which perhaps is the cardinal doctrine of Mr. Dolmetsch's musical creed. The two instruments combine perfectly. Harpsichord and violin are both thoroughly at their ease. The violin has not to strain to avoid being overborne, nor has the harpsichord, like the piano, to put a restraint upon its brute strength. It can display all its remarkable varieties of tone-color without the least fear that they will monopolize the picture. To demonstrate the harpsichord's qualities more fully Rudolph plays the Bach Fantasia in C minor, and we listen to another masterpiece as its composer meant it to sound.

'Now let me show you the most perfect of all keyed instruments,' and Mr. Dolmetsch takes you over to the clavichord he has made in his own

workshop, a gem of craftsmanship. As he plays upon it and displays its marvelous subtleties of tone, you understand why it was Bach's favorite instrument, and register a vow to possess one yourself some day. The smallest, and the sweetest, toned instrument that exists, it puts you out of conceit with the piano forever.

Mr. Dolmetsch, to whom it is clearly a favorite child, will not even allow that its small tone makes it unsuitable for modern concert performances. He has played to two thousand people, and its tone, he asserts, has carried perfectly. True, it is too tender an instrument ever to play concerted music, or even to accompany the human voice. 'Is it surprising,' he asks, 'that this divinely shy instrument has been unable in a noisy and hustling age to compete with the modern piano, which in mere strength can nearly equal an orchestra?'

There is no piano in Mr. Dolmetsch's house. He does not disguise his bad opinion of it. He complains that its tone is thick and woolly, that it is inefficiently damped, owing to the thickness of its strings, and that the emphasis given by the blow of the hammers to the beginning of each note monopolizes the attention of the hearer, and makes it difficult to follow the individual parts. If the old composers, he explains, did not write for it, it was not because, as we are generally told, they did not know of its existence. He will tell you how he has himself examined an early pianoforte dated 1610. The simple fact was that the harpsichord and the clavichord were preferred. He will trace the same process of degeneration — which, he explains, is due to the desire to get from the instrument more than its real nature will allow it to give — through every instrument of the modern orchestra.

A PAGE OF VERSE

WAYFARERS

BY EDWARD SHAW

[*Sunday Times*]

THE old road, the winding road,
That rambles through the town,
They fill'd its way with laughter,
Who loitered up and down;
Now hushed the merry voices,
The lads and lasses gone,
But the old road, the broad road,
Goes rambling, rambling on.

But times I see it bearing
Our tardy steps to school,
We saunter in the shadows,
We linger by the pool;
And times I hear it ringing
With wedding peal and song —
Brave with the gala flavors
Of some forgotten throng.
And times they come, in silence,
Who bear a silent load —
The highway marks him passing
Who treads no earthly road.

The broad road, the winding road,
The way of smiles and tears,
And still a many leagues to bear
The burden of the years;
The pleasant vales are calling
The fickle feet to roam,
Yet the old road, the white road,
At last shall bring us home.

LOVE'S APOSTROPHE

BY GEOFFREY WHITWORTH

[*To-Day*]

WORDS there are can utter
The glory of the day;
Secrets of the night
There are words to betray,
Or paint the natural loveliness
Of earth and sky and sea,
But where the words for shadowing
The loveliness of Thee?

Thought herself must falter
If she would pursue
Beauty past the limit
Sense allows to view.
Hope as well to capture
The fleetings of the wind,
Or net in strands of logic
The escapements of the mind!

Only to the darkness
Shall the sight of thee belong,
Only for the silence
Thy music thrill to song.
Hands may not compass thee,
Taste and scent conceal.
What thou art thou only
Dost thyself reveal.

So to love thee duly
Is to shatter all
Bonds that bind the spirit,
Hold the heart in thrall;
Thou the door that opens,
Thou the great release,
Like the sun for splendor,
The moon for peace.

AN EPITAPH

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Poems*]

As shining sand-drift,
Think of me,
Warm, white and glistening
Near the sea:

Like gold dust gleaming
Which to-day
Light-blowing sea-winds
Whirl away.

I died so long ago
That none may tell
My name, my place, my labor or my
fame:
Thus I sleep well.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NEW LIGHT ON RABELAIS

ANTON BLANCK, a Swedish critic writing in the Göteborg *Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, praises the new edition of Rabelais recently published in Paris under the direction of Professor Abel Lefranc. This edition has been appearing volume by volume for the past eleven years, and the last to appear is *Pantagruel*.

'Professor Lefranc's investigations,' says this critic, 'are in some respects revolutionary.' By a careful study of the period in which Rabelais wrote and of his life, the French scholar throws a great deal of light on the sources from which the writer derived his material. Study of this kind is likely to be pedantic and is seldom either interesting or important, but so much of Rabelais's writings contains concealed and sometimes only faintly indicated allegory that his whole meaning may be changed by such study as Professor Lefranc's. Rabelais calls Pantagruel the King of Drinkers, and through the whole book a paean to wine resounds. Professor Lefranc shows that at the time when the tale was written France was suffering from an unheard-of drought. During the entire summer not a single drop of rain had fallen.

'There can be no doubt,' says Herr Blanck, 'that this dry and thirsty season gave Rabelais his inspiration to write his bubbling fantasy about the king of drinkers. One understands what memories lie behind all these dreams of wine and the slaking of thirst, and one can imagine how his contemporaries, who had all experienced this same drought, would read with delight this tremendous story of wine and thirst.'

As a result of Professor Lefranc's

work it appears that large parts of Rabelais are purely autobiographical. With map in hand, one can localize portions of his story in parts of his native Touraine. In his latest volume Professor Lefranc makes the story appear even more subjective, so that it becomes almost 'a grotesque fantastic diary wherein the author has concealed his own personality, his views, and his life in a vinous, gigantic fairy tale.' The French scholar has also elucidated the religious aspects of the story. As his Swedish critic says:—

'In his new introduction to *Pantagruel*, Professor Lefranc has also put his philosophy in a new light, especially his attitude toward Christianity. In that respect the ground has hitherto been impenetrable. To be sure, everyone has been able to see that Rabelais was not in the ordinary sense of the word a pious person. His latest commentator has, however, with his admirable learning and sharp intuition, penetrated into what he calls "Rabelais's secret philosophy," showing that in *Pantagruel* are to be found a whole series of purely blasphemous parodies in the style of Lucian on the New Testament, which were, however, so cleverly concealed and immixed in the fantastic story that neither contemporaries nor subsequent generations discovered them. This assertion, which of course can stand still another inquiry, also helps to put the author in a new light. Professor Lefranc insists that Rabelais thereby appears as one of the great founders of free thought in French literature; that he was a man who had risen to an independent, human view not only of moral but also of religious problems.

'By itself the blasphemous form may

appear repulsive, but it should be seen from the historical standpoint. An independent conception of religion could not be presented in the sixteenth century. There was no choice but a jest that was so hidden that no one could put his finger on it, so inwoven in the story's whirl of arabesques that only the few who themselves dared with equal secrecy to harbor the new ideas could recognize them and know that a kindred soul had sought expression. There was a whole group of such noteworthy "libertines" during the sixteenth century. Des Périers is the only one who is widely known, and before long a study of these very things, by a Catholic abbé, is expected to appear.'



THE ART OF THE FUTURE

A PARIS correspondent of the Bolshevik *Nakanune* writes:—

'The spring Salon has closed, as well as the Belgian Art Exposition and the one in the Tuileries, and the dead season of expositions has come. What is the sum total of this international parade of painting which has for long years become the tradition of cosmopolitan Paris?

'A few thousand visitors—the traditional visitors to all exhibitions—a few thousand Americans, who will now carry back to their happy homes the works of European art together with series of French postage stamps and programmes of the Folies-Bergère, a few painters who became *maîtres* and a few *maîtres* who definitely discontinued being artists; but what about the French people—these *bons enfants* who form the nation and assure its immortality—where do they come in?

'The people simply do not know that these exhibitions exist. These *bons enfants* work all day long in their shops in the suburbs, and when evening

comes they go to the cabarets, or gaze out upon the dirty street from the windows of their flats, or work enthusiastically over the contests advertised by the soap-makers "Saponit" or the *Petit Parisien*. Saturdays and Sundays they either go for an outing or go to a meeting, or look at the Negro Battling Siki knocking out Marcel Nilles, or vice versa.

'Painting always was and has remained the art of the rich. In a worker's *mansarde* you may find a good book, you may hear an opera song hummed to the rhythm of the sewing machine, but you will find no trace of painting. For too long a time has painting remained an aristocratic art, and now it has become an art for the aristocrats, a refined orchid which is out of place anywhere except upon a dress coat or an evening gown. There are physicians, lawyers, writers, economists, and politicians that rose from the people and work for the people. There are painters that came from the people. But where have you seen painters for the people? Their dream is invariably the exhibition, the Salon, or the study of a business man.

'The path of the painters of the future lies not toward the Salons but toward the suburbs and the street. There, in the workingmen's meeting-halls and dining-rooms, in the factory reading-rooms and the professional unions, this art of the future will come in contact with the genuine soul of the people and will find an entirely new source of inspiration.

'This will be a new Renaissance.'



GREETINGS TO AMERICA

Corriere della Sera asserts that when the first American trans-Sahara expedition under Mr. F. Lloyd Gibbons was crossing the desert the chief of a certain local tribe presented the Ameri-

cans with a greeting written upon a freshly prepared fine parchment and addressed to the President. In it the chief entreated Allah to 'increase the American flocks of sheep, and to make their camels ever more numerous, stronger, and swifter.' The message concluded with the following wish: 'May the great American people always have all the fresh water they desire.'

'Evidently,' *Corriere della Sera* adds, 'the Saharan chief did not know of the existence of the dry régime in America, or else he would have spared those people his involuntary irony.'



THE SERIOUSNESS OF GOLF

THOUGH the seriousness with which a true golfer takes his game is not always justified in profane eyes, these lines from the *Morning Post* can hardly fail to find appreciation:—

Last night as I sat
In the 5.15,
Two elderly men
(With a boy between)
Sat opposite reading,
I felt quite sure,
The latest pronouncements
About the Ruhr.
The man on the left
I thought looked sad,
As if he considered
The news was bad;
The other man's jaw
Was firm and set.
(A man thought I
Who cannot forget!)
Said he on the left,
'I see what you mean'
(Leaning over the youth
Who sat between),
'That chap has my sympathy,
Hang it all — but
He *certainly* should n't
Have tried that putt!'



CONGRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE contributes to the London *Morning Post* an account

of the Third International Congress of Spiritualists at Liège. Most of the countries of Europe were represented, though Soviet Russia was ostentatiously absent, and the only German delegate was turned back at the frontier. Among the countries represented were Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Mexico, and, as a local paper put it, 'both the United States and California.' Although France was not officially represented, a number of French spiritualists were among those who attended. The assembled spiritualists attempted to agree upon a doctrine. The Continentals sought to establish officially the doctrine of reincarnation, but the British, Scandinavians, and Americans objected, and eventually the doctrine of immortality alone was made the centre of the creed adopted.

One of the most striking events of the Congress was a public display of clairvoyance by Mr. Vout Peters, who had had no recent association with the city of Liège and worked through an interpreter. He was able to take articles which were handed up to him and give complete descriptions, even in some instances the correct names of their late owners, with many details of their lives and personalities which their relatives declared to be accurate. Sir Conan Doyle gives one moving example:—

'Sometimes the effect was dramatic in the extreme. Upon one occasion, for example, he cried: "Whoever owned this ring died in great misery. Why do I feel so cold? Why do I feel so terribly hungry? Tell me, you who sent up this object, how did this man die?" A Belgian woman rose in the hall — a tragic figure. "My husband was starved to death in a German prison."'

He also gives a brief review of the progress of psychic study throughout the world, in which he says:—

'At present the nations which show

most activity are Great Britain, France, and the United States, with a tendency toward concentration in France. This is due partly to good organization, partly to central position, partly to the generosity of M. Jean Mayer, who has endowed the admirable Institut Metapsychique, and finally on account of the superiority of the French psychic literature in a movement which has been marked by a great deal of good literature.'

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GERMAN ART TO-DAY

MAX HERMANN NEISSE complains in *Nakanune* of the present standstill in Germany's art.

'The great majority of German artists seem to be hibernating. Speculation flourishes in the spiritual as well as in the material sphere. Huge sums are being spent upon the production of cinema films, and the café of artists has become a film market.'

Conditions in the country are bad, but 'nothing is heard about a cult of pure art, as we used to hear about it when people sought refuge in art from their disappointments in the dire reality. . . . Recognized or half-recognized artists of the older generation serve to the younger one as examples of inactivity. All they do is rest upon the laurels they have gained. Veterans of art, celebrating jubilees, and young men whom occasion made fashionable, do the same thing. The result is imitation, involuntary and otherwise. Young painters, as well as authors and composers, remain entirely satisfied with their preliminary sketches and plans if they can get remuneration for them, and do not finish the real work originally projected. Advertising, lavished by publishers, helps them along.'

Writing in a Bolshevik paper, the author has a special complaint to air:

'Some musicians, it is true, have entirely retired into abstract music — none of them would ever think of composing a revolutionary hymn or a marching-tune for demonstrators. Some painters get too wise, striving to create mystical cycles, playing prophets, building a nonexistent nature out of crystals, — a cubist idealism, — or painting caricatures of their own belated childhood, instead of creating posters that would strike the senses of the observer.'

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THE FALL OF NINEVEH

At the annual meeting of the British Academy, of which the Earl of Balfour was reelected President, Mr. C. J. Gadd of the British Museum staff read an important paper on 'The Last Days of Assyria.' A clay tablet, written in Babylonian cuneiform, has been found that makes it necessary for the history of the fall of Nineveh and the subsequent collapse of Assyria to be rewritten. From this tablet we learn that Nineveh was captured by the combined forces of Medes, Scythians, and Babylonians in the year 612 B.C. under the leadership of Cyaxares.

It was previously supposed that Nineveh and Assyria went under simultaneously in 606 B.C., owing largely to the inefficiency of the debauched Sardanapalus. Now it appears that some other more military monarch staved off his adversaries for three years. When the city itself was taken, a band of warriors broke through the enemy lines and set themselves up in the near-by town of Harran, a sort of provincial capital which lay along the main route to the Mediterranean. Here they remained until 610, when they were finally driven out by a horde of barbarous Scythians, and the destruction of Assyria was complete.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Gods of Mexico, by Lewis Spence. London: Fisher Unwin, 1923. 30s.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

IN this important work Mr. Lewis Spence brings the extraordinary myths of ancient Mexico into a coherent system. He has a first-hand knowledge both of the language and of the ancient native manuscripts which are the main source through which the Aztecs' curious and remote faith may be discovered. Their terrible rites, their demons, the symbolism of their deities, the relation of their myths to those of other countries — all these secrets of the past have been disclosed with a picturesqueness and animation that make the research of a specialist attractive to the general reader. Perhaps this point should be a little accentuated, for it is the author's lament that Great Britain is alone among all the countries in resisting the spell of old Mexico.

Roman Pictures, by Percy Lubbock. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*To-Day*]

WHEN the average traveler writes about Rome he gives the average reader the impression of an eternal city of eternal monuments springing in various stages of decay out of the remains of the various civilizations which have made Rome their headquarters. The view is partial and misleading. There are monuments in Rome which are sometimes beautiful and always interesting to the student of history, but the predominant and most interesting fact about Rome is Rome: the living fact of a living city which has gone on living from centuries before the legionaries of Cæsar as it will most certainly go on for centuries after the Fascisti of Mussolini.

Mr. Lubbock, in a prose which readers of his earlier book, *Earlham*, need not be told is a joy in itself, adopts the method of the few who write travel-books and remain artists. Such are, for instance, Kinglake, Samuel Butler, and more recently Norman Douglas. He realizes with the most shallow-sighted mortal that Rome is Rome, and being so is more or less entangled in an amazing past which has many links, material and spiritual, with an equally amazing present, but he does not separate the two. The result is an entrancing book of Roman studies in which the living and the dead, the spiritual and the material, commingle and jostle one another delightfully and naturally, as, in fact, they do in Rome. By giving us attractive pictures of living Romans, Mr. Lubbock has made Rome live in

his book — all who love Rome as it is to-day, and there is no more lovable city, will thank him.

My Golfing Life. Told to Clyde Foster, by Sandy Herd. With a foreword by Field-Marshal Earl Haig. London: Chapman and Hall, 1923.

[*Morning Post*]

THIS book is a diversion for all, and for golfers a storehouse of valuable information; and it deserves every word of the handsome compliment which Lord Haig renders to the writer in his foreword.

Herd is one of the great golfers who have never quite achieved the success which they have earned. Yet it is to be remembered that he was for many years the only golfer who could hold a candle to the great Triumvirate; and he continues to-day as good a golfer as ever he was, though he is within a short approach of threescore years. And he has always remained unsoured by disappointment as he is unspoilied by recognition, counting among his many distinguished pupils the Prince of Wales himself.

He recalls still how in his early days he was rebuked for hurrying his stroke. 'Sandy,' said the monitor, 'tak' yer time; nobody's gaun to steal yer ba.' There is a delicate sarcasm, too, in the reflection that he 'would almost back Mr. Bonar Law to play the best ball of Lord Birkenhead and Lord Beaverbrook' — who, he doubts, have not yet been officially handicapped. Herd noticed, too, that Lord Birkenhead not only often got into bunkers, but got out of them very well — surely, as he says, 'a bad sign; it shows practice.'

Then there is the story of the golfer at Troon who got into so many difficulties that he complained, 'This course is too narrow; I cannot keep out of the rough.' His caddie's reply was: 'Ay, it's verra narra. Maybe the best thing to dae would be to bring the rough into the middle and shift the fairway to baith sides o't.'

Besides the recollections of historic matches in this country, Herd has much that is interesting and instructive to say of golf in America; and it is noticeable how high his opinion is of American golf.

Simple French Cooking for English Homes, by X. M. Boulestin. London: Heinemann, 1923. 5s.

[*New Statesman*]

COOKING is, to the French, a sacred subject, and cooking is fittingly treated with due reverence by M. X. M. Boulestin. 'Food which is worth

eating,' he writes, 'is worth discussing.' We can but agree, especially when we find in this little book over three hundred recipes, some very simple and within the means of the smallest English household, and some rare and truly magnificent like the subtle *Lidore à la royale*, which comes from Périgord, the country of truffles.

Apart from that important fact, on which M. Boulestin insists, that in a French kitchen nothing is wasted, there is, permeating the book, a real flavor (not, as in certain homes, an awful smell) of cooking. It looks as if the recipes were inspired by the sounder principles and the finer traditions; as if the dishes were the result of two centuries of French cooking (after having, as it were, simmered ever since the day when cooking, leaving behind the grossness of the Gothic cuisine, became articulate and finished), passed through the sieve of the Brillat-Savarin period.

But there is another side to the book: it is good reading even for the layman; it is as good as an *apéritif*. Furthermore, there must be qualities other than nutritive in some of the dishes described, if one can judge from the 'supper after an informal party,' after which you 'feel ready to start again whatever you may have been doing'; and from the recipe of *Tourain aux tomates*, which ends with this encouraging note: 'This is the traditional soup which, even now in all the Périgord, is offered to husband and wife on their wedding night. A large tureenful is brought to them in great state (and with a good deal of noise) by the neighboring peasants, usually a few hours after the bride and bridegroom have retired. They eat it in bed; the guests watch them and finish the rest. It seems more sensible than many other old customs, such as, for instance, throwing rice (uncooked) at them in the street.'

Even international friendships depend to some extent on cookery, and it is to be hoped that this little book will promote a better understanding of France.

Poems, by Lady Margaret Sackville. London: Allen and Unwin, 1923. 5s.

Pride and Other Poems, by Dorothy Wellesley. London: Heinemann, 1923. 5s.

[Katharine Tynan in the *Bookman*]

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE'S *Poems* are to the lover of poetry sheer delight. Here are no new

fashions — nothing that was not yesterday and will not be to-morrow and many morrows while poetry lasts. There is nor difficulty, nor artifice, nor affectation, but just the vintage that English poets have given us since Chaucer. She belongs to no school except Poetry's. There have been times like ours when poetry has for a decade, or a quarter of a century, or a reign, ceased to be, or has been replaced by something which was not poetry, as in the days of Queen Anne.

Lately, being somewhat starved of poetry, I, the reviewer, sent for some volumes, among them some I had once loved. Now and again I felt that I loved something less than I had once done, that the glamour had faded, and wondered if it was in myself the change had taken place. I knew that nothing was amiss with the *Hound of Heaven*. And now, taking up these *Poems* from a bundle of review books, it is to taste the old vintage, mellifluous, sweet as honey and thyme of Parnassus in the mouth. If one has any fault to find with this most charming Muse it is that there is a certain monotony of pensiveness. The color is twilight's. In the collection of thirty-four Epitaphs one might have received a sharper impression if there had been three or four. They are all beautiful, but one gets the feeling one has in a house or a garden where one beauty is dulled by fifty or a hundred. The poet gives us almost too much of what is within its scope perfectly beautiful. There is delightful fantasy here as well as the twilight things. But how lovely these things are!

A book at least worthy to stand by hers is *Pride and Other Poems*, by Dorothy Wellesley. To come upon it in a bundle of drab books is to seize the lightning. It is a strange book, full of passionate impulse, which leaves you when you have raced through it breathless and exhausted. The reading of the book is an adventure and a wild and splendid one. I prophesy that Dorothy Wellesley will go far. We have not so much fire and energy in our exhausted world that one does not leap with delight to this fierce Muse.



BOOKS MENTIONED

GOLDENWEISER, A. B. *Talks with Tolstoi*. Translated by S. S. Kotliansky and Virginia Woolf. Richmond, England: The Hogarth Press, 1923. 5s.